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## REVIEWS

*Change of Air, or the Pursuit of Health: an Autumnal Excursion through France, Switzerland, and Italy, in the Year 1829.*  
By James Johnson, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the King. London, 1831. Highley.

We owe an apology to Dr. Johnson for having so long neglected to notice his book; but, in truth, we have never been able to make up our minds what to say of it. For praise or for censure there is abundant material; and, taking either side, a critic might despatch the review in a few hours: but to weigh, discriminate, and determine the real value of the whole, is not a little perplexing. That it is written by a clever man, there can be no doubt; there is proof in every page: but it is so desultory, rambling, and inconsequential—so unmannerly, if we may be allowed to use the phrase, that we have never reverted to the subject without questioning whether we were in the right temper to do the author justice. The Doctor gossips in a way more becoming a boy just broke loose from college, than a learned physician: it is, we admit, good sensible gossip, but not pertinent, and to the question. Thus, a chapter now open before us is headed

### "FONTAINEBLEAU"

and so it ought to be, for the writer has just left Paris on his route towards the Jura. Well, the subject is a pleasant one; there is the fine old palace, with all its magnificence and old associations, from Henry the IVth, and Sully, and Cellini, down to Napoleon and the small table on which he signed his abdication—a subject with interest enough for a capital paper, and an apology for twenty digressions; but it is a curious fact, that in the chapter so headed, Fontainebleau is never once mentioned or referred to, and the reader is favoured with a discourse on the beneficial effects of travelling.

The printer of this work is a gentleman of an equally irregular fancy. The first twenty pages are printed in good readable type; we are then favoured with a hundred that require spectacles; Rome swells into the proportions of the original letter: but at the 'Museum of the Capitol' we are again spectacles on nose, to read what?—a digression on dreams and indigestibles, instead of the anticipated notice of the 'Dying Gladiator,' 'The Faun,' and the other glorious works treasured there. This, it must be allowed, is annoying enough, and yet it is but a specimen of the whole work.

We have now got rid of all angry feeling, and are prepared to admit that there is a great deal of original thinking and of very pleasant speculation in the volume. 'The Doctor is a bold man,' but not therefore the less entertaining: he hazards an opinion on

all subjects, and never stops to ask the reader's, that he may trim his own to his humour. His book is certainly not an ordinary book of travels; and, seeing his route was through France, Italy, and Switzerland, we think the information must be consolatory. The account of the influence of an Italian climate is well worth attention by all invalids who have any thoughts of visiting Italy, although we think much of it is as wild and visionary as a dream. The Doctor, who has lately lent an able hand to quiet the nerves of the public and stop the absurd alarm about cholera, writes upon Italy, as Dr. Macculloch appears to have done before him, as if it had a worse climate than Fernando Po, or the Delta of the Quorra. The result of his inquiries, especially when speaking of the *malaria*, would appear to be that not merely a residence in the heart of the Pontine Marshes, or on the shores of the Lake of Bolsena, but that mere travelling in Italy lays "the foundation of chronic maladies that render life miserable for years; travellers bring home with them a poison circulating in their veins, which ultimately tells on the constitution, and assumes all the forms of Proteus, harassing its victim with a thousand anomalous and indescribable feelings of wretchedness, inexplicable alike to himself and his physician."

Well! it is long since we sojourned there; and, no doubt, the many aches and pains that we have been accustomed to attribute to increasing years and literary labours, ought all to be charged to the "poison" drunk in with the delicious and perfumed breezes of the Abruzzi, or in the Val D'Arno; for the Doctor proves his argument by statistical tables, which we are certainly not prepared to controvert:—

"Compare the range of human existence, as founded on the decrement of human life in Italy and England. In Rome, a twenty-fifth part of the population pays the debt of nature annually. In Naples, a twenty-eighth part dies. In London, only one in forty, and in England generally only one in sixty, falls beneath the scythe of time or the ravages of disease. Thus, then, in the ancient mistress of the earth and the modern mistress of the seas, the inhabitants of the latter have a superiority of life, and consequently of health, over the former, in the proportion of forty to twenty-five! Even Naples, the vaunted Naples, is, in salubrity, as twenty-eight to forty, compared with the British metropolis! The range of human existence, or, in the technical language of the insurance companies, the 'value of life,' is nearly double in England what it is in Naples." p. 125-6.

This, however, *prove* what it may, does not *explain* why Italy has been in all ages, the most populous country in Europe, or how it is, that Naples and all the surrounding country, swarms like a bee-hive. The Doctor says, these are *facts* and not speculations; and we have no doubt of it. We

never knew an absurdity that could not be supported by facts—but as to "Tables of the Value of Life," we believe they are all equally erroneous, and the essential difference to be only in the source of the error on which they are founded—all are admitted to be erroneous by the calculators of new tables—the received authorities twenty years ago, are now considered some twenty or fifty, or odd hundred per cent. wide of the truth—and the data of to-day, if they justify the Doctor's deductions, as we do not doubt, are, we suspect, but little less erroneous. This, however, must be received as the individual and private judgment of the writer—a mere travelling opinion, as the counsellors call it—and not at all as the authoritative dictum of the omnipotent *we*. A received error is quite as influential as a truth, and we are not prepared for a controversy on the subject. But we must now permit the Doctor to make his appearance; and, after well considering how best to do him justice, we shall give, in one long extract, an account of his journey from Rome to Naples, omitting only some digressions, pleasant enough, but not so intimately connected with the subject but that they can be separated from it:—

"After a three hours' drive, we at last breathe a purer and keener air, and experience a corresponding increase of mental energy and corporeal vigour. From this height (Albano), we have a complete view of the dreary Campagna, girt by a crescent of rugged Apennines on one side, and laved by the placid Mediterranean on the other. The monotony of this scene of desolation is only broken occasionally by mouldering tombs, lonely watch-towers, tottering aqueducts, and the narrow winding Tiber. In the centre is Rome herself, weeping and drooping, like Niobe in the midst of her fallen and lifeless children. Her hills are bald from age and misfortune—or partially covered with ornaments that betray rather than conceal the ravages of time! We eagerly turn from the depressing prospect, to linger round the shores of a tranquil and glassy lake, perched on this airy eminence, and capable of being easily turned through the streets of the Eternal City, to wash away every particle of her impurities—or pursue our journey amid hanging woods, romantic dells, and giddy precipices that command extended views of the pestilent Maremma, smooth and untenanted as the wide ocean that bounds the western horizon. Albano is the Hampstead of Rome, and the inhabitants may be distinguished from their more sickly Roman visitors, by some slight appearance of health. But although the air is less oppressive here in summer, than on the level of the Campagna; yet the vicinity, on three sides, of highly malarious grounds, renders Albano a precarious residence during the almost tropical temperature of summer or autumn. The crater of an immense extinct volcano is now the lake of Albano; and the ancient subterranean conduit of its waters to the plain, may shame the modern, and even compete with the ancient aqueducts. The sepulchral vases, dug from beneath a flood

of lava that ran from the now silent volcano, long before Æneas landed on the Latian shores, form one of the greatest curiosities at Albano—far more ancient, but far less intelligible, than the relics of Pompeii.

"After climbing up some steep and woody acclivities, we reach that dilapidated and miserable MAN-ROOST, LA RICCIA, overlooking the deadly plain that stretches away to the almost uninhabitable Ostia. The complexions and features of the wretched inhabitants prove, beyond all doubt, that they are not beyond the range of the malaria, however elevated above its source. Their physiognomy alone, unaided by recent and too authentic tale or history, would excite a suspicion that we are here within the sphere of a more dangerous evil than malaria—BRIGANDISM! From Albano, indeed, to Velletri, (the first night's rest on the road to Naples,) the country presents a wild and tumultuous scenery that, under better auspices, would be beautiful or even romantic. The tranquil, or the moderately-excited mind of the traveller, would recall, at every step, the most pleasing recollections. LAVINUM, with all its Virgilian associations, would rise on his view—while Horace's journey to Brundisium, along the same road, would induce him to saunter with slow step, rather than to accelerate his pace, over the most classical ground in Italy. But, alas! that noble, god-like, rational immortal—villanous animal, MAN,

Wild as the raging main,  
More fierce than tigers on the Libyan plain,  
banishes, by the memory and the terror of his atrocities, every sense of pleasure—every feeling of security, till we labour up the eminence, on which stands the bandit town—the Volscian city—the birth-place and patrimony of Augustus!

"Velletri—Pontine Fens—Terracina.

"From the principal inn of this eagle's nest, we have a most magnificent view of the Pontine Marshes in front, stretching away to the verge of the horizon, at Terracina—the Volscian Mountains, on the left, rising abruptly, and somewhat fantastically, from the Pontine Fens; crescented and crowned with villages, whose exteriors are as white as their interiors are dark and dismal—whose inhabitants were lately robbers, and are now beggars! To the right, the eye wanders over an almost interminable plain of Maremma, supplying abundant nutriment for every animal but MAN, against whom the plains of Italy seem to have waged eternal warfare!

"From Velletri we started at the dawn of day; and the groups of terrible figures, through which we passed, at the corners of the streets, apparently in close divan, and scowlingly examining the carriages, as they cautiously descended the steep defiles, were not at all calculated to tranquillize, much less exhilarate the mind of the traveller, advancing towards a scene of desolation and death, that has been the theatre of murder and robbery for two thousand years. Yet the remembrance of several incidents, that seemed ominous or even alarming at the time, but which proved to be quite fallacious in the end, deprived the Velletri bandits of half their terrors.

"The brigand-looking groups of Velletri proved as harmless as the mountaineers of Tuscany—we safely descended to the marshes, and were soon in sight of the TORRE DE TRE PONTI, where we observed, at some distance, the squalid caliban borderers collecting wild beasts from the fens, and beating as well as swearing them into office, as post-horses, for our accommodation!

"Four of these savage and unseemly creatures being pinioned to the large, and two to the small carriage, away they flew—kicking, flinging, plunging, and snorting—curvetting in fitful and fearful sallies from side to side of the road—one moment within an inch of dashing us to pieces against the trunk of an elm or a poplar—the next

within an ace of hurling us headlong over a perpendicular bank into the yawning canal below—keeping us in perpetual, and not the most agreeable suspense, between a broken neck and a watery grave! Thus we darted across the Pontine Fens, with little less velocity than that of an arrow from a bow—traversing a space of twenty-eight miles (nearly the distance between London and Chatham) in two hours and forty minutes—a journey which, in the Augustan age, and in the pride of the VIA APPIA, occupied Horace during sixteen tedious hours, while listening to the croaking of frogs, the brawlings of boat-men, the maledictions of muleteers—the buzzing of gnats—

Mali culices ranque palustres—

and what was far worse, while submitting to the depredations on personal property inflicted by those douaniers of antiquity, the bugs, the fleas—and a certain animal—

Quod versus dicere non est.

"But, however rapid was our course across this pestiferous tract—this anomaly in nature—where earth and ocean have been contending for mastery since the flood of Noah, we had ample opportunities of observing the dire effects of man's impolitic interference in the conflicts of belligerent elements! Had he allowed land and water to carry on their intestine warfare in this neutral ground—this PAYS BAS—till the effervescence of discord had spent itself, the surface of the Pontine Marshes would, long ere this, have been converted into a glassy lake or a verdant jungle, equally incapable of exhaling mephitic vapours over the neighbouring territory. But the officious, selfish, and avaricious aid of man, in favour of one of the contending parties, has contrived to keep this laboratory of pestilence and death in the best possible condition for effecting his own destruction! The Pontine Fens are neither fluid nor solid, but a hideous and heterogeneous composition of both, more destructive of human life than the sword of war, or the tooth of famine.

"From the Pontine Marshes we suddenly and joyously emerge; and find ourselves, all at once, at the very verge of the placid, tideless, and translucent MEDITERRANEAN, on our right; while the white and romantic rocks of ANXUR tower over our heads on the left. The refreshing air of the boundless ocean, and the exhilarating view of marble instead of mud, produce a most agreeable effect on the senses of the traveller. The countenances, however, of the inhabitants tell us that the sea-breeze is no security against the mephitism of the fens. The neighbouring promontory of Circe reminds us of her magic wand which had the power of transforming the 'human face divine' into that of swine—a power still inherent in the territory which the goddess has forsaken!

"From Terracina we are whirled along a narrow pass under the impending cliffs of Anxur, with myrtles on one side, and morasses on the other—the former perfuming, and the latter poisoning the air we breathe—a Syren atmosphere,—

Whose touch is death, and makes destruction please.

"Six miles farther on, we pass under a portal, and exchange a beggarly but holy land for a land of beggars and bandits. At FONDI we have remarkable specimens of ancient power and modern poverty—the VIA APPIA, as laid down two thousand years ago, and a town encircled with Cyclopean walls, and peopled with the most wretched inhabitants over which an Italian sun ever radiated his glorious beams, or a pestiferous soil diffused its noxious exhalations!

"While the courier and the custom-house are carrying on their belligerent negotiations as to the sum that legalizes all contraband commodities, the English carriage stands, without horses, in the street of FONDI, surrounded by

increasing swarms of professional mendicants, exhibiting all the serio-comic combinations which misery and mirth, importunate deformity and jocular starvation can produce! Every piece of money that is flung from the carriage, causes, first a scramble as to who shall catch it—then a scuffle as to who shall keep it—and lastly, a chorus of laughter, jibes, and jokes among those who have missed it. Such are the interludes in the drama of mendicity, as enacted by Neapolitan performers.

"From Fondi to Itri, the road winds through a mountainous and romantic country, whose only visible inhabitants, besides the occupants of gibbets, are painted wooden soldiers on the road-side, in mortal combat with murderers and robbers, reminding the unprotected traveller that he is treading on the classic soil of brigandage, the fearful territory of FRA DIAVOLO, whose head is at Terracina, but whose spirit may still be wandering among his former haunts in these lone mountains! Instead of lingering in this unpeopled paradise, this smiling solitude, we are almost instinctively urged to hasten our steps, till we enter, with something like a feeling of security, the very DEN of the BANDITS—the cradle of misery, and the nursery of crime! Such is ITRI, half of which is buried in the depth of a ravine—half of it clinging along crags and precipices—a site equally well adapted for the commission and the concealment of murder. It would be difficult to imagine a spot more

Fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils—

than the town of ITRI—and it would be impossible to body forth the forms of human beings, male and female, better calculated to inspire the horrible ideas of lawless plunder and midnight assassination, than its gaunt, and grim, and hunger-stricken inhabitants present to the eye of the shuddering traveller!

"There our purgatory, our persecution—perhaps our FEARS, are of shorter duration than at FONDI—because the change of horses occupies less time than the bribes of the DOGANA. Again we meander through another terrestrial Paradise, perfumed by the orange, the lemon, and the myrtle, till we descend to the border of the placid ocean, and halt for a moment under the MAUSOLEUM of CICERO, marking the spot where a political FRIEND assented to his assassination, and a grateful slave erected him a tomb! Italy is the land of morals, though not of morality. That which may naturally be drawn from a contemplation of this mouldering ruin is not the least impressive. The wide, the almost unbounded circle of Tully's friends and relatives did not produce a single individual to strew flowers over the grave of 'a father of his country,'—nor imprint his name on a plain marble slab! It is only by the spark of gratitude which glowed in the breast of a manumitted slave, that we are led to the spot where Cicero fell by the assassin stroke of the vengeful Antony and the artful Augustus! While ruminating on this tragic memorial of fatal ambition and faithless friendship, we arrive at MOLA DI GAETA, and take up our night's quarters on the very spot where stood the Formian villa of him whose untimely grave we had just been contemplating!

"It is not wonderful that the wealthy Romans should have eagerly contended for every inch of ground on this delightful shore. There is something in the sight of a boundless, waveless, and tideless ocean, which, independently of the pure and refreshing air, conduces to tranquillity of mind, and calms the effervescence of the passions. The depressive atmosphere of the Campagna and Pontine Marshes is here exchanged for the refreshing sea-breeze that skims the Mediterranean by day, and the bracing land-wind that descends from the Apennines at night. The scenery is highly romantic. A bold coast, with shelving shores and projecting promontories, forms a striking contrast with the glassy

ocean, that falls, in gentle murmurs, on the golden sands, or chafes in white foam against the rugged rocks. Homer, Horace, Virgil, have exhausted their poetic powers in peopling these regions with the creatures of fancy—with heroes, gods, demi-gods—and CANNIBALS! The taste of the inhabitants for human blood seems to have descended to their posterity. More of Napoleon's soldiers fell by the modern, than of Ulysses' sailors by the ancient Læstrygons. • •

"We were on our third and last day's journey between Rome and Naples, before the sun had burst over the Apennines, and burnished with his rays an exhilarating scene of rocks and hills and towers—of glittering streams and a glorious ocean. As we approached the classic LIRIS, we passed under the broken arches of an ancient aqueduct that once supplied the proud city of MINTURNÆ, whose ruins, close on our right, are now the habitation of wolves, foxes, and wild animals. We were on the spot where MARIUS concealed himself in the Marshes, and we could not help fancying, every now and then, the fiendish face of that inhuman monster staring at us from the mud!

"Crossing the LIRIS, we ascend a series of hills amidst romantic scenery, and from one of the eminences of Mount MASSICUS, behold the CAMPANIA FELIX stretching away to the foot of VESUVIUS, in front, from whose crater the wreathing smoke rises in a zig-zag line, and mingles with an atmosphere of heavenly ethereal blue. On the left, the serrated ridge of Apennines towers to the skies, as an impassable barrier and protection to this GARDEN OF EDEN—on the right, the Mediterranean laves the base of the bold and perpendicular promontory of ISCHIA.

"Descending from the hills where Horace quaffed, and quaffing praised the Falernian juice, we post rapidly to CAPUA, a place fraught with exciting recollections. If ever this renowned city subdued the energies of another Hannibal, and dissolves an army of veterans in slothful effeminacy, it will be by the relaxing qualities of the climate rather than by the captivating graces of the women! CAPUA is still a fortified town; but the only military exercises which we observed, were a kind of Lancastrian system—not of mutual instruction, but of mutual protection against marauders, who levy contributions on the personal property (not propriety) of all ranks and both sexes.

"From the hills of St. Agatha to Capua, and from Capua to Naples (but especially between the latter places) the ground is nearly as level as the bordering ocean; while the natural fertility of the soil and the extreme refinement of cultivation combine to form a scene too luscious for the eye not to pall upon the sense, even in a short journey of less than thirty miles. On every side, and in every direction, mother Earth is bringing forth triplets at a birth, and these births are quadrupled in the course of the year. Grain below, orchards above, vines between, produce such a constant reiteration of corn, fruit, and wine, that we become as sated and drunk with the exuberant gifts of Nature, as flies that are wading over a plate of honey. What a treat would the savage mountain of Radicefani, or the sterile rock of Gibraltar, prove to the eye of the traveller in the CAMPANIA FELIX! We are naturally led to ask, what are the causes of all this fertility? They are obvious enough. The soil is a rich alluvion, on which the rays of an almost tropical sun are beaming from above; while Vulcan's forge is for ever roaring beneath. He who cannot dissociate, in his mind, the ideal connexion between fertility and felicity—sterility and starvation, should traverse the CAMPANIA FELIX, and the mountains of Switzerland." p. 191—200.

We say nothing of the Doctor's style, which is inflated and vicious enough—but, with

some allowances for high and effective colouring, this is a very just and accurate account of the journey. To all who have any thoughts of visiting Italy, especially invalids—to all who are content with "the good the gods may send," without quarrelling about the why or the wherefore, and with a pleasant speculation, whether in or out of season—we recommend the work;—but ordinary dull gentlemen, who book themselves for rail-road journeys, and go by steam-boats, that they may calculate their landing by tides and stop watches, had better keep their money, unless they are willing for once to hazard a pleasant disappointment.

#### ALDINE POETS, VOLS. XIII. & XIV.

*The Poems of Pope.* 2 vols. London, 1831. Pickering.

THE chief attraction held out in these volumes, is a new memoir of the poet, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce; and the beauty of good print, fine paper, and great neatness of arrangement. The biographer has availed himself of the new matter produced by the somewhat idle discussions of Byron, Bowles, Campbell, and Roscoe; he has also looked into the volumes of Ruffhead and the lines by Johnson, and certainly has acquitted himself with some judgment in an undertaking full of perils. Not that he has shown much critical sagacity, much deep feeling in the labours of the muse, or even much knowledge of human nature in the remarks which he has ventured to make: he is come of the school of Blair, and rather collects the opinions of others than hazards his own. We must not, however, neglect to say, that he has made an honest use of his authorities; has added Ruffhead's account of Pope's projected Epic—several short poems, which show that this great and fastidious poet could rhyme remissly, and sometimes indelicately—and passages from his letters, which familiarize us with the man and the author. Some of our brethren—the critical chippers and hewers, have accused the editor—a reverend personage, with admitting loose verses among the staid and sedate poems sanctioned by the poet himself; but we see nothing at all so fearfully lewd and openly lascivious as his prologue to Jane Shore—published regularly with all editions of his works, and still spoken, we believe, on the stage, and applauded by the dames of this very courteous generation. Nor do we see that a clergyman, even in a fit of ultra godliness, could well omit particular poems in a book which he undertook to edit. He has a duty to perform as editor, very different from his duty as a pastor; he was not accountable for the failings of the bard, and therefore has fairly and wisely given us his good and his evil.

Pope is one of the most fascinating of all our witty and satiric poets: he has not the vigour of Dryden, nor the inexhaustible readiness of Butler; but he has charms such as ever secure him an audience with all lovers of polished wit—manly satire, and harmony of numbers rivaling the richest music. It is true, that he has written much that no one now ventures to admire: his Pastorals are only fit for the nursery—they are not the Pastorals of Nature; his Windsor Forest is a splendid piece of versification, with no invention, and little original beauty of observation; even his far-famed and

much-admired Rape of the Lock, is a school-boy conception, though the versification is masterly. The strength of Pope lies in the satiric, and the witty—in images of courtly life—in compliments such as raise men to the gods, in sarcasms such as suggest suicide. The voice of his muse is not that of some lovely country-born damsel, beautiful in her innocence, and singing of nature in the harmless gladness of her own heart: the voice of his muse is of the city—not indeed of the market-place, but of the palace and the dwelling of my lord-the-duke; and it is the voice too of one skilled in the world and its ways—in its hollowness of heart—its wit and its worthlessness. He has taken an impression of the age wherein he lived, in words which the ear will be unwilling to let die, even if the stream of his mellifluous language were not laden with a rich freight of the finest wit. His characters of men; his characters of women; his epistles; and, better than all, his inimitable Dunciad, are never blotted from the memory;—we learn passages unconsciously by heart—we quote lines from them when puzzled to describe some point of human character; and, so deeply did the poet look, that he was able to draw pictures which reflected not only the faces and hearts of his own day, but may serve, and will serve, as existing realities for all times. He had a mental power unknown to Reynolds: read his verses on Addison, who, with a character next to invulnerable, seemed to defy the malice or the skill of insulted friendship—with a few happy strokes, drawn with the fineness of a razor, which cuts to the bone, he finished a picture which all the world recognized—a portrait which no other hand but that of Pope could have drawn. Here we have him,

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;  
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
Dams with faint praise; applaus with civil leer;  
And, without sneering, others teach to sneer.

The editor has alluded to the unseemly warfare waged over the grave of the poet between Byron and Bowles, and Campbell and Roscoe: we remember it with pain, for we hold that all those four distinguished men were wrong in some important points. The most important was that definition of poetry which excluded from the true and unadulterated song of the muse whatever was of man's work or invention; neither ship nor palace, nor other lovely thing of like origin, were permitted to mingle in the reformed strain. The muse, nevertheless, will be bound by no such idle restraints: she flies a free flight like an eagle; and, though loving the lofty mountain top, refuses not to set her foot and repose her wings on some lonely castle gray, or mayhap on the topmast of some storm-tossed ship, with all its mariners on board. We hate and despise all such restraints, and the more so when imposed by poets' hands: God knows they are laid upon the muse often enough by critics, who, with unhallowed hand, touch the sacred thing. There is Jeffrey, who toiled thirty years to bind poetry in chains and fetters of iron—who strove to turn Parnassus into a rotten borough, returning all the members with his own sweet voice. We can, however, understand this: it is quite natural for the owl to dislike the lark and the thrush, and we have seen the foul bird swallow them whole, as Jeffrey did Lamb, feathers and all. But why such sweet singers as Byron, and Bowles, and



Campbell, should quarrel on Parnassus, like gamekeepers and poachers, we cannot conceive. We must, however, bid farewell to these volumes, and we shall do so without making any extracts; there is, indeed, some curious passages in the *Life*—some clever poems, almost till now unknown, in the text—the will of the poet, an instructive document, and the plan of his epic poem: but we must make way for other matter, and we do so unwillingly.

*Robinson Crusoe.* With introductory Verses by Bernard Barton, and illustrated with numerous Engravings from Drawings by George Cruikshank, expressly designed for this Edition. 2 vols. London, 1831. Major.

THIS is the most beautiful edition yet published of this delightful work; the paper and print, from the Shakspeare press, are perfection. It is also full of illustrations by George Cruikshank, but we are not prepared to say that the artist has been eminently successful; he wants a more stirring subject—a scene of artificial life, with its folly and farce;—and his designs for the second volume are consequently the better of the two; still, there is nature, simplicity, and power, in many: the boat-building—the scene between Atkins and his wife, the frontispiece to the second volume—and others, are clever; and the vignette of Robinson and his family at their little farm in Bedfordshire, is truly delightful. The poem prefixed, by Bernard Barton, is one of his very best, and we shall quote largely from it:—

Classic of Boyhood's bright and balmy hour,  
Be thine the tribute I have ow'd thee long:—  
Though round life's later years some clouds may lour,  
And thoughts of worldly cares at seasons throng,  
I would not so its happier morning wrong,  
Or those who woke its earlier tear, or smile,  
As find no need for Manhood's grateful song  
In legends wont my Childhood to beguile  
Of *Crusoe's* lonely life upon his desert Isle.

I still remember the intense delight,  
The thrilling interest, wonder, strange and dread,  
Which in those blissful moments brief and bright  
On that familiar fiction fondly fed;  
When o'er the Volume with me borne to bed  
I hug enraptur'd at mom's earliest beam,  
Until the eventful chronicle I read  
Appear'd no longer Fancy's vivid dream,  
But wore the form of Truth, and *Hist'ry's* sober theme.

'Tis no unsubstantial good to dwell  
In Childhood's heart, on Childhood's guileless tongue,  
To be the chosen, favourite Oracle  
Consulted by the innocent and young;  
To be remember'd as the light that flung  
Its first fresh lustre on the unwrinkled brow;  
And some who now may cleave as I have clung  
To pleasure known, unheeding why, or how,  
Hereafter to thy worth may loftier praise allow.

But, not to moralize too long, I turn,  
*Crusoe*, to thy delightful page once more;  
And from thy homely Journal gladly learn  
A less ambitious, more attractive lore.  
With Thee I now thy loneliness deplore,  
And share thy griefs, a mournful Cast-away,  
Anon, with humble hopes, from Scripture's store  
Cull'd in adversity's instructive day,  
With thee in thy lone Isle I meditate and pray.

I may not pause o'er each attractive scene  
Or object in thy varied record traced,  
Which, like a brighter spot of livelier green,  
Shines an Oasis in the desert waste  
Of thy existence; yet some such are grac'd  
With so much simple beauty, they must dwell  
In vivid hues and forms yet uneffaced  
On Memory's tablet while her magic spell  
Can render records there by Time indelible.

Witness thy clusters of ripe grapes, up-hung,  
With prudent fore-thought in the Sun to dry;  
For them my mouth has water'd oft, when young,  
As fruit with which no *Grocer's* stores could vie.  
The grains of Barley, thrown unthinking by,  
Awakening in thy heart such glad surprise  
When bearing ears of Corn! a mystery  
That well might fill with thankful tears thine eyes,  
Tears with which Childhood's heart could freely sympathize.

And then thy cumbrous, over-sized Canoe!  
Would all Projectors learn that tale by rote  
Many, I ween, would make far less ado  
With schemes which, like thine own, can never float:—

Let those who now thy want of foresight quote  
Learn to correct their error, too, like thee;  
For thou didst build thyself a smaller boat,  
Nor could thy hopes surpass my boyish glee  
What time that bark was launch'd, thyself once more  
at sea!

What need to dwell on all of dark or bright  
With which thy varied pages richly teem;  
Now faint and dim, like visions of the night  
To Memory's glance; now fair as morning's dream;  
Or glowing like the west in sun-set's gleam,  
When gorgeous clouds are edged with burnish'd gold:—

Enough is said to prove how much my theme  
Possesses of attractions manifold  
The love it early won in after-life to hold.

What marvel, then, that I should greet once more  
My former favourite as a welcome guest?  
Nor less so when I find his antique Lore  
With novel decorations richly drest,  
Where Art has done her worthiest and her best,  
Guided by *TASTE* and *GRACE*, to pourtray  
The Author's beauties; giving added zest

To scenes and objects whose delightful sway  
Thus triumphs over Time, and needs not dread decay.  
But I must bid my pleasant theme adieu!

Though lingering thought upon it fain would dwell;  
Grateful I feel for what can thus renew  
A sense of Youth's once bright and joyous spell;  
And call back from the dim and shadowy cell  
Of Memory, visions of departed days;

Yet, ere I take a long, a last farewell,  
Forgive me, *READER*! if my Muse essays  
To take her leave of thee in fitting Minstrel phrase.

'These verses embody the feelings of thousands, and therefore must be admired.

*Rustum Khan; or Fourteen Nights' Entertainment at the Shah Bhag, or Royal Gardens at Ahmedabad.* By Thomas Henry Ottley, Lieut. H.C.S. 3 vols. London, 1831. Sans.

NEARLY the whole of the first of these volumes is occupied with an account of the author's journey from Bombay to Ahmedabad. This portion of the work we had read last week, and from it were disposed to think favourably of the whole. What Mr. Ottley actually sees, he describes with truth and feeling; but where he trusts to the resources of his own mind, he is miserably inefficient. The two last volumes of his work are a failure. They contain the story of a Mahomedan, whom he fell in with at a halting-place between Bombay and Ahmedabad—and abound in tedious detail, idle declamation, and rapid sentiment. Mr. Ottley's first volume has some tolerable scenes in it, and really gives good promise. The author is evidently a young man, and, with reasonable attention, may do something more than respectable, if he will only confine himself hereafter to observation, and not trust to a very barren fancy. The account of the storm, at the opening of the first volume, is clever: it is as true as it is spirited;—we regret that it is too long for extract. It gives a very just idea of the general character of the *Lascar* or Indian sailor. At p. 28, we have a tolerably graphic picture of a Bheel, though we cannot but regret that Mr. Ottley has not given us a more detailed account of this most extraordinary people:—

"A few paces in front of me strode on a hardy Bheel, whose occupation was to serve as guide to travellers; as a remuneration for which, certain immunities were, I believe, granted him, on the part of government. His clothing was scanty in the extreme; nothing but a dhotie or waist-cloth covered any portion of him. His frame was thick-set, his stature short, whilst his agility and speed on foot were alike astonishing. On him,

for some time, I bent my chief attention, lest he should abandon me in an unguarded moment. But when suspicion was lulled by his willing behaviour, I was enabled to make more general observations. Although thin in the extreme, his muscle rose in proportion to his active life. His step was firm and nimble, although the sandy roads, parched up with the intensity of the summer heats, offered but a frail and slippery surface on which to tread. With a Bheel bow and arrows in the left hand, he remained prepared to resist attack from man or wild beast; his shield hung suspended from his left shoulder, upon his back; a quiver occupied the place upon the right one, whilst his eye incessantly scanned every suspicious portion of the highway our progress developed; but more particularly such as were better known to him from traditionary accounts, as mostly selected for the perpetration of robbery and murder, as offering brushwood for concealment, or low underwood intercepting pursuit, and opening into a country intersected with ravines, as numerous as intricate." i. 28-9.

The account of a dying Gosayen is highly characteristic of those fanatics:—

"Winding round the banks of a circular tank, in which little water now remained, I discovered on the opposite side of it a human being, as my imagination figured the spectacle, lying under the shade of the peelow tree, much resembling the weeping willow of my native country. Curiosity tempted me to approach the spot, and humanity made me linger there. Stretched upon the ground, covered with flies, and nearly naked, I found one of those wandering Hindoo enthusiasts, a Gosayen. Either from a love of laziness, or contemplating the forbidden pleasures and excesses of a roving life, or perhaps, not to be uncharitable, from a conviction of its future utility, he had deserted friends and home; and now, when incapable of stirring, lay by the way side. His emaciated frame,—the bones covered with nothing but the skin and muscle, bespoke him a prey to some violent disease, to which he was about to yield; whilst his filthy condition, and forlorn situation, without a friend or companion, yet further aggravated this scene of distress. He lay stretched upon his back, the morning sun lighting up his face; his eyes were shut; his Shasters, or religious volume, was compressed between his hands, which weakness forbade his raising from his breast, where they reclined; whilst his countenance betrayed, in lieu of sorrowful expression, a patient resignation to the lot about to overwhelm him. My footsteps, for by this time I had dismounted to proffer my assistance, awoke him from the state of lethargy his misery had brought upon him; his eye kindled into the expression of life for a moment, but with his already wasted strength, he was only able, after most strenuous and appalling efforts, to articulate faintly. The dim hazy eye once more succeeded, and sank inexpressive far in its socket: the sharpened features and entire prostration of strength, were, at the same time, symptoms of approaching dissolution, too clearly and well defined to admit of any doubt as to the result of that struggle between life and death, of which I only witnessed the more momentous events. His wretchedness unnerved me at first: by degrees recovering, I addressed him, offering that which I had little hope he would accept,—my services towards his recovery. He gazed at me, more as if directed to the spot by the assistance of his hearing, than by the aid of his sight, and replied in a faltering broken tone, staring wildly here and there: 'I am dying! I am dying!' he exclaimed, 'the hand of fate and power of death is upon me: what can the help you offer avail my cause against the Omnipotent? The delirium of my fever might be abated, or a draught of water mitigate my sufferings, but such is not for me to seek.' He paused again, whilst his countenance lighted up with a smile:—'Yes,

yes! but think not that I repine. The severe and voluntary trials I have imposed upon myself, in my career in this world, will now meet their corresponding reward; so that death is only a removal from the miseries of this existence, to the certain enjoyment of what this sacred book—he tried to lift it, but could not—‘holds forth as a recompense in the next. It’—and his voice rose at the pronunciation—‘is my only hope, and how truly has it solaced me in these trying hours!’

“The firmness of his manner astounded me. Fainter and more faint became his voice, as he repeated portions of his Shasters with his yet remaining strength. Again the voice was hushed, but the lips quivered with the effort to speak;—the eyelids gradually closed over his vacant, glazed, and inexpressive eyes,—his breathing became thick and confused,—ere long all was over; the hand of death had claimed its long-watched victim; the frailty of our mortal tenure was once more proved; and the Gosayen, ere I quitted, was a cold and stiffened corpse.” i. 32-5.

The passage of the river Mhye is also well enough, and may pass:—

“Reward! electricity itself is not more instantaneous in its effects upon the body, than this sweet sound in the ear of a native. Down went the gourds from off the gardener’s head, and were transported to the water, and I must own, I gazed upon this floating throne with far more comfortable feelings than those with which I had contemplated the idea of trusting myself upon the bedstead. The gourds were fastened together, in form of a diamond, and secured with rope net-work, consequently not so liable to be spun round by the violence of the current. It was also easier for the swimmers, of whom there were eight, to tow it; four in front, with ropes round their arms, and two upon either side. But only one could start at a time, an almost insurmountable difficulty. I offered the preference to the Mahomedan, for etiquette is everything with such persons as my companion; but no, he would not accept it; and yet to be left behind, would lower him in the eyes of his followers, and that would not do; consequently, he, upon his invention, and myself seated upon my throne, both started at the same moment, silencing all unpleasant feelings, and leaving our ultimate landing, whether first or last, or at the same moment, in the hands of fate. \* \* \*

“The immense velocity of the current as we proceeded, with the sun playing upon its angry surface, heightened in brilliancy by the white foam around my throne, made me fearful of dropping off from giddiness. I now shut my eyes, but when again I opened them, judge of my transport; the men who before were toiling to their utmost to keep us in our course, were now dragging me towards the shore, having regained their depth. ‘The land! the land! Hurrah, my boys.’ ‘Shabash,’ I exclaimed, ‘where is my companion?’ ‘About half way over,’ was the reply. ‘They have no strength, those half-starved villagers; they do not belong to Wussadaree, which is about two miles hence.’ This was accompanied with shouts of laughter.

“I was carried ashore, and turned to gaze upon the floating bedstead, which yet remained a prey to the impetuosity of the current in the centre of the stream. Drifting without help from the united efforts of those destined to tow it across, it soon floated past the point the Mahomedan had seen me land at. At this critical moment, a log of wood struck against the bedstead, and destroyed the earthen vessels upon one side, which instantly caused it to lop-side considerably, and soon one portion of it was immersed in the water. Although so perfectly reconciled before to a fate which he had had little reason to anticipate, the Mahomedan now showed evident symptoms of a disrelish for his situation. He roared forth promises of reward,

curses, and vengeance; now called upon God for help, now seizing his saddle-furniture, which he was anxious to preserve, and now laying hold of the tottering bedstead, as uneven a surface to rest upon, as unsteady in the water. ‘Saheb, Saheb, hum Kea Kurengey—Sir, Sir, what shall I do?’ burst upon my hearing. ‘Throw a rope, bring assistance!’ then, again, ‘I am drowning. Oh God! Oh God! Pull, swim, tug, do all in your power, you rascals; now for the point, once past that, and all is over.’

“One of the men, facing the current, let the sunken side of the bedstead rest upon his back, and by his efforts somewhat decreased the very rapid rate the Mahomedan darted past at, and which kept me upon the trot on the bank to keep up with him. At length they reached a spot where the waters washed the bank of a precipitous headland, and they were carried with the greatest force, within arm’s length of the shore, impracticable for landing in this part. One of the natives immediately snatched at a large, and luckily firmly-rooted, bush, and brought this unsafe raft to a momentary stand-still.

“‘I would sooner,’ roared the Mahomedan, ‘have trusted myself in this river, holding by a buffalo’s tail, or the sacred bull to Mahadeva, than have allowed myself to have been seated upon this cursed machine.—You were wise, Saheb,—hold tight, you rascal, by the bush, or your father shall be burnt alive,—not to trust yourself with me, and if I had not been so scrupulous, like yourself I might have landed in fit condition, whereas now, I am wet through; and my saddle furniture (God forgive me for eating so much vexation through my own obstinacy) is totally spoiled. What an unpleasant ride I shall have of it, truly!’

“I now lowered a rope to him, which a native had procured from one of the neighbouring hamlets or huts, round a well, and having towed them round the front of the headland, received my late host with every demonstration of regret for his misfortune. However, after all, it turned out not so bad as he expected. The under portions of his saddle, which presented the formidable heap, I have already described it as, alone were wetted, and his own garments really but little injured.” i. 177-82.

Mr. Ottley concludes his volumes by telling the public that, “if they will deign to find any pleasure from the manner in which he has detailed the Mahomedan’s first narrative, he may, on his return from the country for the benefit of his health, condense his second narrative, and present it for general perusal.” We would advise Mr. Ottley to have nothing more to do with the old Mahomedan’s narrative.

*The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides;* by James Boswell, Esq. A new Edition, with numerous additions and Notes by John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S.

[Third Notice.]

WE promised ourselves a gleaming over this rich field, but we believe the produce of our labour, or pleasure rather, will look like an ordinary harvesting:—

*Highland Loyalty.*—“The Highlanders were all well inclined to the episcopalian form, *proviso* that the right king was prayed for. I suppose Malcolm meant to say, ‘I will come to your church because you are honest folk;’ viz. *Jacobites*.”—Walter Scott.

*A Highland Charm.*—“Such spells are still believed in. A lady of property in Mull, a friend of mine, had a few years since much difficulty in rescuing from the superstitious fury of the people an old woman, who used a charm to injure her

neighbour’s cattle. It is now in my possession, and consists of feathers, parings of nails, hair, and such like trash, wrapt in a lump of clay.”—Walter Scott.

*Scots Savages.*—“Lord Stowell informs the editor, that on the road from Newcastle to Berwick, Dr. Johnson and he passed a cottage, at the entrance of which were set up two of those great bones of the whale, which are not unfrequently seen in maritime districts. Johnson expressed great horror at the sight of these bones, and called the people, who could use such relics of mortality as an ornament, mere savages.”—Croker.

*Flora Macdonald.*—“It is stated in the account of the rebellion, published under the title of ‘*Ascanius*,’ that she was the daughter of Mr. Macdonald, a tacksman, or gentleman-farmer, of Melton, in South Uist, and was, in 1746, about twenty-four years old. It is also said that her portrait was painted in London in 1747, for Commodore Smith, in whose ship she had been brought prisoner from Scotland; but the editor has not been able to trace it. Dr. Johnson says of her to Mrs. Thrale, ‘She must then have been a very young lady; she is now not old; of a pleasing person, and elegant behaviour. She told me that she thought herself honoured by my visit; and I am sure that whatever regard she bestowed on me was liberally repaid. “If thou likest her opinions, thou wilt praise her virtue.” She was carried to London, but dismissed without a trial, and came down with Malcolm Macleod, against whom sufficient evidence could not be procured. She and her husband are poor, and are going to try their fortune in America. Sic rerum volvitur orbi.’—*Letters*, i. 153. They did emigrate to America; but returned to Sky, where she died on the 4th March 1790, leaving a son, Colonel John Macleod, now, as the editor is informed, residing at Exeter, and a daughter, still alive in Sky, married to a Macleod, a distant relation of the Macleod.—*Croker*. It is remarkable that this distinguished lady signed her name Flory, instead of the more classical orthography. Her marriage contract, which is in my possession, bears the name spelled Flory.”—Walter Scott.

*Highland Chieftainess.*—“Something has indeed been done, partly in the way of accommodation and ornament, partly in improvements yet more estimable, under the direction of the present beneficent Lady of Macleod. She has completely acquired the language of her husband’s clan, in order to qualify herself to be their effectual benefactress. She has erected schools, which she superintends herself, to introduce among them the benefits, knowledge, and comforts of more civilized society; and a young and beautiful woman has done more for the enlarged happiness of this primitive people than had been achieved for ages before.”—Walter Scott.

*A Fighting Quaker.*—“Thomas Cumming was a bold and busy man, who mistook his vocation when he turned quaker (for he was not born in that sect). He planned and almost commanded a military expedition to the coast of Africa, in 1758, which ended in the capture of Senegal. It and its author make a considerable figure in Smollett’s History of England, vol. ii. p. 278, where the anomaly of a quaker’s heading an army is attempted to be excused by the event of the enemy’s having surrendered without fighting; and a protest that Cumming would not have engaged in it had he not been assured, that against an overpowering force the enemy could not have resisted. This reminds us of another story of Cumming. During the rebellion of 1745, he was asked, whether the time was not come when even he, as a quaker, ought to take arms for the civil and religious liberties of his country? ‘No,’ said Cumming, ‘but I will drive an ammunition waggon.’ Yet this bustling man was, it seems, morbidly sensitive. Mrs. Piozzi

says he died heart-broken by a libel in a periodical paper. 'Dr. Johnson once told me that Cumming, the famous quaker, whose friendship he valued very highly, fell a sacrifice to the insults of the newspapers, having declared on his death-bed to Dr. Johnson, that the pain of an anonymous letter, written in some of the common prints of the day, fastened on his heart, and threw him into the slow fever of which he died.'—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 143. Mr. Chalmers is in possession of one of those libels, found, as he believes, in the Town and Country Magazine, in which, by a *wooden cut*, and under the name of *Tomacumingo*, his person and principles are certainly severely handled, but nothing to die of. The date, however, of this paper, which Mr. Chalmers believes to have been published in 1774, the year in which Cumming died, gives some countenance to Johnson's anecdote."—*Croker*.

*Johnson capturing the Isle of Muck*.—"When Buonaparte first surveyed his new sovereignty of Elba, he talked jocularly of taking the little island of Pianosa. So natural to mankind seems to be the desire of conquest, that it was the first thought of the speculative moralist, as well as of the dethroned usurper."—*Croker*.

*The Three Johnsons*.—"It is strange that Johnson should not have known that the 'Adventures of a Guinea' was written by a namesake of his own, Charles Johnson. Being disqualified for the bar, which was his profession, by a super-vening deafness, he went to India and made some fortune, which he enjoyed at home."—*Walter Scott*. He must not be confounded with another Charles Johnson, also bred to the bar, but who became a very voluminous dramatic writer, and died about 1744."—*Croker*.

*Johnson's danger in the Hebrides*.—"He at least made light of it, in his letters to Mrs. Thrale. 'After having been detained by storms many days at Skie, we left it, as we thought, with a fair wind; but a violent gust, which Boswell had a great mind to call a tempest, forced us into Col, an obscure island; on which—"nulla campis arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ."'"—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 167.—*Croker*. Their risque, in a sea full of islands, was very considerable. Indeed, the whole expedition was highly perilous, considering the season of the year, the precarious chance of getting sea-worthy boats, and the ignorance of the Hebrideans, who, notwithstanding the opportunities, I may say the necessities of their situation, are very careless and unskilful sailors."—"The time for the Hebrides was too late by a month or six weeks. I have heard those who remembered their tour express surprise they were not drowned."—*Walter Scott*.

*Hebridean Poetry*.—"A very popular air in the Hebrides, written to the praise and glory of Allan of Muidartach, or Allan of Muidart, a chief of the Clanranald family. The following is a translation of it by a fair friend of mine:—

Come, here's a pledge to young and old,  
We quaff the blood-red wine;  
A health to Allan Muidart bold,  
The dearest love of mine.

#### CHORUS.

Along, along, then haste away,  
For here no more I'll stay;  
I'll braid and bind my tresses long,  
And o'er the hills away.

When waves blow gully off the strand,  
And none the bark may steer;  
The grasp of Allan's strong right hand  
Compels her home to veer.  
Along, along, &c.

And when to old Kilpedhar came  
Such troops of damsels gay;  
Say, came they there for Allan's fame,  
Or came they there to pray?  
Along, along, &c.

And when these dames of beauty rare  
Were dancing in the hall,  
On some were gems and jewels rare,  
And cambric coils on all.

Along, along, then haste away,  
For here no more we'll stay;  
I'll braid and bind my tresses long,  
And o'er the hills away."—*Walter Scott*.

From Miss Reynolds's 'Recollections,' now first published, we must string together a few pearls:—

*Dr. Goldsmith*.—"Of Goldsmith's Traveller he used to speak in terms of the highest commendation. A lady, I remember, who had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Johnson read it from the beginning to the end on its first coming out, to testify her admiration of it, exclaimed, 'I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly.' In having thought so, however, she was by no means singular: an instance of which I am rather inclined to mention, because it involves a remarkable one of Dr. Johnson's ready wit: for this lady, one evening being in a large party, was called upon after supper for her toast, and seeming embarrassed, she was desired to give the ugliest man she knew; and she immediately named Dr. Goldsmith, on which a lady on the other side of the table rose up and reached across to shake hands with her, expressing some desire of being better acquainted with her, it being the first time they had met; on which Dr. Johnson said, 'Thus the ancients, on the commencement of their friendships, used to sacrifice a beast betwixt them.'"

*Dr. Johnson*.—"He seemed to struggle almost incessantly with some mental evil, and often by the expression of his countenance and the motion of his lips appeared to be offering up some ejaculation to heaven to remove it. But in Lent, or near the approach of any great festival, he would generally retire from the company to a corner of the room, but most commonly behind a window-curtain, to pray, and with such energy, and in so loud a whisper, that every word was heard distinctly, particularly the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed, with which he constantly concluded his devotions. Sometimes some words would emphatically escape him in his usual tone of voice.

"At these holy seasons he secluded himself more from society than at other times, at least from general and mixed society; and on a gentleman's sending him an invitation to dinner on Easter Eve, he was highly offended, and expressed himself so in his answer. \* \* \*

"It is certain that, when in the company of connoisseurs, whose conversation has turned chiefly upon the merits of the attractive charms of painting, perhaps of pictures that were immediately under their inspection, Dr. Johnson, I have thought, used to appear as if conscious of his unbecoming situation, or rather, I might say, suspicious that it was an unbecoming situation.

"But it was observable, that he rather avoided the discovery of it; for when asked his opinion of the likeness of any portrait of a friend, he has generally evaded the question, and if obliged to examine it, he has held the picture most ridiculously, quite close to his eye, just as he held his book. But he was so unwilling to expose that defect, that he was much displeased with Sir Joshua, I remember, for drawing him with his book held in that manner, which, I believe, was the cause of that picture being left unfinished. \* \* \*

"Of later years he grew much more companionable, and I have heard him say that he knew himself to be so. 'In my younger days,' he would say, 'it is true, I was much inclined to treat mankind with asperity and contempt; but I found it answered no good end. I thought it wiser and better to take the world as it goes. Besides, as I have advanced in life, I have had more reason to be satisfied with it. Mankind have treated me with more kindness, and of course I have more kindness for them.'"

*Observations of Johnson, recorded by Miss Reynolds*.—"People are not born with a particular genius for particular employments or studies, for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west. It is good sense applied with diligence to what was at first a mere accident, and which, by great application, grew to be called, by the generality of mankind, a particular genius.

"Some person advanced, that a lively imagination disqualified the mind from fixing steadily upon objects which required serious and minute investigation. JOHNSON. 'It is true, sir, a vivacious quick imagination does sometimes give a confused idea of things, and which do not fix deep, though, at the same time, he has a capacity to fix them in his memory if he would endeavour at it. It being like a man that, when he is running, does not make observations on what he meets with, and consequently is not impressed by them; but he has, nevertheless, the power of stopping and informing himself.'

"A gentleman was mentioning it as a remark of an acquaintance of his, 'that he never knew but one person that was completely wicked.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, I don't know what you mean by a person completely wicked.' GENTLEMAN. 'Why, any one that has entirely got rid of all shame.' JOHNSON. 'How is he, then, completely wicked? He must get rid, too, of all conscience.' GENTLEMAN. 'I think conscience and shame the same thing.' JOHNSON. 'I am surprised to hear you say so: they spring from two different sources, and are distinct perceptions: one respects this world, the other the next.' A LADY. 'I think, however, that a person who has got rid of shame is in a fair way to get rid of conscience.' JOHNSON. 'Yes, 'tis a part of the way, I grant; but there are degrees at which men stop, some for the fear of men, some for the fear of God: shame arises from the fear of men, conscience from the fear of God.'"

*Natural History of Enthusiasm*. 8vo. 4th Edition. London, 1831. Holdsworth & Ball.

Our predecessors in the *Athenæum* proposed to look critically into this work, as we learn from the following:—"We had intended to dismiss this work with a brief notice; but, after looking it over, we found that it contained matter for more diligent perusal and ample criticism, which we hope very shortly to bestow upon it."† These hopes, however, were never realized; and we shall therefore, though late, do justice to the fourth edition.

The title of this volume led us to expect a chapter of the philosophy of the human mind,—an exposition of the influences exerted by the imaginative faculties in differently-constituted individuals, varying the apparent value of the objects of desire; and tending, in some, to produce indifference—in others, to urge a vehement struggle for their attainment. This, however, is not here attempted: but the term *Enthusiasm* is limited to the pursuit of such figments of the imagination as are contrary to the dictates of right reason; and the author still further restricts himself to the detection and exposure of certain conventional fallacies concerning the doctrines and duties of religion.

The multiplicity of books, having no pretension to more than mediocrity, which the present religious tone of society—whether genuine or spurious—encourages, makes it refreshing to us to meet with one bearing, as this unquestionably does, the impress of bold, powerful, and original thought. It is not

† *Athenæum*, No. 78.



necessary that we should concur with all the principles advanced and defended in such a work, to award it the tribute of our admiration; for, fearless inquiry after truth, even if unsuccessful, should ever be respected and admired. But this work claims no indulgence on this ground, inasmuch as its most strikingly original views never transgress the bounds of pure protestant orthodoxy, or violate the spirit of truth and soberness; and yet it discusses topics constituting the very root and basis of those furious polemics which have shaken repeatedly the whole intellectual and moral world. It is, moreover, highly calculated to excite the mind of the reader to active inquiry beyond the limits of its own conclusions.

But here we must stay our praise; for we have, in justice, a less agreeable task—that of administering censure. And, first, we would tell the author, that, had his style and language been appropriate to the subject, and worthy of his thinking, the value of the work would have been enhanced tenfold. Instead of being guided in his choice of words by their aptness, simplicity, or general reception, he has sought, apparently, for the most unusual, uncouth, and cacophonous; and actually appears to use circumlocutory phrases for no other purpose than to substitute a new anomalous and high-sounding coinage of his own. The style thus loses in strength, and purity, and precision, infinitely more than it gains in copiousness: and it allows many a common-place idea to lurk under the luxuriant verbiage, and obscures and renders rapid such as are truly original. Such offences as these fall upon the author's own head; but we have a deeper quarrel with him. In a note, of several pages, he labours to depreciate the science of mind—a science which can boast of the names of Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Reid, and Stewart, among others of scarcely less reputation, who have spent their lives in its promotion; and applies to it, in contempt, the term *Metaphysics*!! Thus,

"The author must avow that he regards what is called 'the science of mind' as little more than an affair of definitions and phrases."

Again,—

"Those whom nature has gifted to descend into the abysses of the intellectual system, will gain from 'a new and unexceptionable nomenclature' very little, unless it be the preposterous conceit that they have learned to think more justly than Aristotle, Bacon, Leibnitz, and Locke. This premised, the author would explain himself as follows: He thinks, that much of the philosophy of human nature lies in the doctrine of the capability of the mind to exist in a compound state," &c.

We are utterly astonished at this display of mingled ignorance and prejudice in a writer of this author's character. The philosophy of the human mind, in its great branches of intellectual, moral, and creative powers, is rapidly advancing to a degree of splendour superior to any other kind of knowledge. The principles it investigates are the most pregnant with importance of any that engage our faculties: they constitute the basis of all science—the vitality that animates all poetry—the breath of life that invigorates all eloquence—the system of laws, the adaptation to which constitutes the especial glory of the Christian religion. As successive philosophers advance from discovery to dis-

covery in the mind, why may we not think concerning it more justly than Aristotle, Leibnitz, or Locke? The author says *he thinks* the mind exists in a compound state:—why, this is one of the most common-place facts concerning it. And the most profound analyses of these compound states may now be effected to an extent unknown even to Locke, by the trifling labour of a few weeks' study. To a correct nomenclature modern science owes half its triumph. We shall conclude by quoting a sentence of his own, which the author, and all who despise the study of the mind, would do well to consider, as applicable to that subject.

"To waive the exercise of discrimination can, under no imaginable circumstances, be advantageous to any man: nor is it ever otherwise than absurd to persist in an error, which might be corrected by a moment's attention to obvious facts."

*Manuscript Memorials.* Post 8vo. London, 1831. E. Wilson.

THE writer is undoubtedly a very clever young man, with a strangely ill-regulated taste and fancy. His work is a collection of shreds and patches, odds and ends, sense and nonsense. Yet there is a spice of wit, humour, and reading, that seasons this folly; and we shall be able to make such extracts from this work as will, no doubt, put our readers in good humour with the writer:—

#### *The Exhibition.*

So fine a day, now let's away, we wait for your decision;  
Come, shall we go, say yes or no, to see the Exhibition?  
For here and there, and ev'ry where, the pictures would  
you know them,  
Just look about and find them out, the Catalogue will  
show them.

"What are these pictures? pray tell us, my dear,"  
says Mrs. Muggins,  
"Why, that one there's 'The Kiss,' by Bass—the 'Close Embrace,' by Huggins.  
The 'Wooden Bridge,' too, done by Stone—there's  
'Mrs. Fry, the Quaker';  
The 'Living Skeleton,' by Bone—the 'Loaf of Bread,'  
by Baker."

"What are these pictures, 4 and 10?" "The Catalogue will teach ye:  
'Boys scaling Fish,' by Pickersgill, and 'Ramsgate Shore,' by Beechey;  
The 'Infant and the Nurse,' by Child—and there's a View of Vauxhall.  
The 'Savage Tiger tamed,' by Wilde—the 'Pagilists,' by Boxall."

"Just hand me o'er the Catalogue: Why, who can this be? heyday!  
The 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' the 'Portrait of a Lady,'  
The 'Chandler's Shop,' by G. Whitwick—it isn't worth a farthing;  
The 'Head of Lady Thynne,' by Thick—the 'Soft Repose,' by Harding."

"The 'Cinder Hole,' by Mrs. Cole; the 'Broken Branch,' by Ramus;  
And here again, 'The Toothache,' Payne—I think this picture famous.  
The 'Old Lame Beggar,' drawn by Stump, who looks so fat and comely;  
The 'Deer,' by Buck; 'Sir Simon Crump,' and 'Beck'nham Church,' by Bromley."

"To look all through, will never do, one's brains it only bothers,  
You'd better far look over some, and overlook the others.  
My dear Eliza, only see—I know that face, I'm certain—  
Who's that young lady drawn by?—Shee; and 'Master Betty'—Martin."

From a pleasant paper on 'Errors and Anachronisms' we extract the following slips and trippings of the tongue, pen, and pencil:

"In painting alone we have a rich harvest. Burgoyne, in his *Travels*, notices a painting in Spain where Abraham is preparing to shoot Isaac with a pistol!"

"A painter of Toledo represented the three wise men of the East coming to worship, and

bringing their presents to our Lord upon his birth at Bethlehem, as three Arabian or Indian kings: two of them are white, and one of them black; but, unhappily, when he drew the latter part of them kneeling, their legs being necessarily a little intermixed, he made three black feet for the negro king, and but three white feet for the two white kings; and yet never discovered the mistake till the piece was presented to the king, and hung up in the great church. \* \*

"There is a picture in the church of Bruges, that puts not only all chronology, but everything else out of countenance. It is the marriage of our Saviour with St. Catherine of Sienna. St. Dominic, the Patron of the Church, marries them! the Virgin Mary joins their hands; and, to crown the anachronism, King David plays the harp at the wedding! \* \*

"A painter intending to describe the miracle of the fishes listening to the preaching of St. Anthony of Padua, painted the lobsters, which were stretching out of the water, *red*! having probably never seen them in their natural state. Being asked how he could justify this anachronism, he extricated himself, by observing, that the whole affair was a *miracle*, and that then the miracle was made still greater. \* \*

"The following are a few specimens of the genuine English bulls committed by the more refined class of inadvertents. What says the great Colossus of literature, Dr. Johnson?"

Turn from the glittering bribe your scornful eye,  
Nor sell for gold what gold can never buy.

And again:

Shakspeare has not only *shown* human nature as it is, but as it would be found in situations to which it cannot be *crossed*.

Every monumental inscription should be in Latin, for that being a *dead* language, will always live.

Nor yet perceived the vital spirit fled,  
But still fought on, nor knew that he was dead.

COWLEY.

Then down I laid my head,  
Down on cold earth, and for a while was dead.

Ah! scottish fool, said I,  
Silence and horror fill the place around,  
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound.

MILTON.

But now lead on,  
In me is no delay; with thee to go,  
Is to stay here.

POPE.

Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest,  
Herself the ninth.

When first young Maro in his noble mind  
A work *f* outlast immortal Rome design'd.

HOME.

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote  
And inaccessible by shepherds trod.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Many admirers of Shakspeare have, doubtless, discovered a few of the following anachronisms and palpable errors:—

"In 'Macbeth,' we also hear of *cannon* and *dollars*.

"In 'King Henry V.' the Turks are put in possession of Constantinople, which did not fall into their hands till upwards of *thirty years* after Henry's death.

"In 'Henry VI.' *Machiavel*, who was not born till 1469, is twice introduced. *Printing* is also prematurely mentioned.

"In 'King Lear' we have a plentiful crop of blunders. *Gloster* talks of not standing in need of *spectacles*. We have *Turks*, *Bedlam-beggars*, *St. Withold*, a *Marshal of France*, *dollars*, *paper*, &c. &c. There is an allusion to the old theatrical *moralties*; and *Nero*, who did not live till several hundred years after *Lear*, is mentioned by *Edgar* as an *angler in the lake of darkness*.

"The Danish history has placed 'Hamlet' in fabulous times long before the introduction of Christianity into the north of Europe. There is, therefore, great impropriety in the frequent allusions to Christian customs. Hamlet swears by *St. Patrick*, and converses with *Guildenstern* in the *Children of the Chapel of St. Paul's*. In

several places *cannon* are introduced, and a good deal of theatrical manners of Shakspeare's own time. We have a Danish *seal royal* long before seals were used—A University at Wittenburg—*Swiss Guards, Sergeants, or Bailiffs—bells—ducats—crown-pieces—modern heraldry—rapiers—modern fencing, &c.*

"Palavicini, in his History of the Council of Trent, to confer an honour on M. Lanac, ambassador of Charles IX. to that council, bestows on him a collar of the order of the Saint Esprit; but which order was not instituted till several years afterwards by Henry III."

"D'Aquin, the French king's physician, in his Memoir on the Preparation of Bark, there takes *Mantissa*, (which is the title of the appendix to the History of Plants, by Johnstone,) for the name of an author, and who, he observes, is so extremely rare, that he only knows him by name."

"Baronius committed a strange error. In his Martyrology of the 24th of January, he notices a Saint *Ximoris*, of whom St. Chrysostom and St. Jerom speak very highly; not reflecting that *Ximoris* is not a proper name, but an appellative which signifies a couple, or a pair; and the fact is, that one of these holy doctors spoke of two St. Martyrs, and the other of two Saints. A friend having pointed out this gross blunder, Baronius suppressed the edition as fast as he could, which has made it so rare." p. 132—46.

*Lettres sur l'Angleterre, &c.—Letters on England, or Travels in Great Britain, in 1829. By Viscount Walsh. 8vo. Louvain, 1830.*

THIS is neither a very profound nor very entertaining volume; but there is throughout amenity of manner, and often pertinent and instructive comment; and it has, besides, the charm of recalling us to our native skies, and holding up a mirror, in which we may behold our own ways reflected. 'Tis true, the traveller is a devoted Catholic, and looks at certain objects through a certain medium; yet we are not bigoted enough ourselves to shut our eyes to the general justness and liberality of his report, and we dismiss it with an "*ab uno disce omnes*."

The Viscount was a resident in England thirty years before his recent visit to it; and he tells us that his object, on the present occasion, was to contemplate its smiling scenery and explore its most splendid mansions, so far as this could be effected on a route from London to Edinburgh. And, in truth, there are few on which he could have fixed his choice more happily, with such a purpose in view; for Windsor, Blenheim, Stowe, Warwick, Eaton Hall, Wentworth, Chatsworth, and Belvoir, lie, with all their national and aristocratic glories, on either side of the progress he had traced out for his companions; and his pictures of them are traced with a lively and admiring hand. Our gleanings from them must, however, give precedence to a passing comment or two, which are among the characteristics of a foreign pen.

"That which peculiarly strikes a stranger on his arrival in England, is the arrangement incidental to every dwelling; it is evident that those who tenant it reckon on remaining under its roof; look at the care they take to surround themselves with the cheerful, the agreeable, and the convenient; look at the fondness with which they respect yon ancient trees, which have lent their shade to the owner's ancestors, and shall yet afford shelter to their children's sports! In France, we encamp rather than take root in the soil; it may be said of us, that we are always on our legs, as if ready for a forward movement; but in England, men take their seats and pillow themselves in comfort. I am well aware that, in the end, the Frenchman and the Englishman arrive at the same goal; but life is all the better

for the ease which has accompanied our journey through it."

Again, there is novelty in the blind and sturdy Roman Catholicism which dictated an innuendo against our Protestant temples. "Here," (at Liverpool,) says the Viscount, "are chapels for all communions, and temples for every nameable error of the human mind. When our ancestors built towns, they erected multitudes of churches; but, from a conviction of the enduring character of their faith, they consecrated to the God of Eternity such fabrics as should outlive centuries and generations, and resist the assaults of time. Now-a-days, each sectarian seems to feel that his vision is but an ephemeral dream, and he takes no pains to raise a durable structure to his deity. All these places of religious assembly are poor, niggardly, and of vulgar taste: they are not worthy of the traveller's turning out of his course to visit them."

We are bound to contrast this with passages written in more complimentary, if not wiser moments. "I do not hesitate to say," observes the traveller, speaking of Stowe, "that we have nothing in France on such a scale as this;—we understand the toils and pleasures of a town-life better—our Parisian banquetings have more of grace, and poetry, and elegance—and the fine arts feel more at their ease in our saloons, than at London routs;—but Englishmen, when in the country, and on their estates, leave our countrymen far indeed behind them. They have taken a just and admirable view of what constitutes a country life and a landholder's true existence; their whole pride and glory centres in living nobly where their fathers dwelt before them; and the influence and patronage they dispense is a blessing to the district they inhabit, during eight months of the year. We are ashamed to confess that, in France, there is such an abhorrence of everything which savours of superiority, that a large landholder, though he might rival a Buckingham or a Grosvenor in expense, is excluded altogether from the exalted influence which marks the provincial career of those noble houses. What would be said under our sky, if a French peer, returning to his seat from the tumult of parliamentary debate, were to hoist his armorial banners on the family pinnacle, as a signal of his arrival, and by way of announcing that he was about to keep open house for the season? The cry of feudal pride would instantly din in his ears! On the classic soil of liberty, the usages of yore are yet a matter of conventional acceptance. The good sense of the English has found out that equality is a chimera, and they have exiled its inanities from their laws and customs. The radical, it is true, grumbles at such a state of things; but the aristocracy may laugh his barkings to scorn. Its roots are deeply implanted in the very soil, and no British sovereign will ever allow violence to be done to the privileges of his nobility; for they are the strong foundation on which his throne itself is based. \* \* \* The plain country gentleman, bent on suffering no inroad to be perpetrated on a constitution which is the bulwark of his own rights, shrinks from undermining its corner-stone, and lends no ear to the voice of levellers; he feels, therefore, neither hatred nor humiliation at a social superiority, which is as necessary as it is beneficial to him. He takes part in the splendid doings at the noble mansion, at its long dinners, and the gay hunting parties led by his powerful neighbour. Nor is the humble countryman of envious mood; his well-being originates with the lord of the manor; and his trim cottage, and his clean and thriving farm—to whom does he stand indebted for them? \* \* \* Look at the air of ease that reigns around you. If the mansion be appraised with magnificence, some portion of it has reached the humble cabin; for that cabin has also its splendours—comfort and cleanliness."

Such a text as this forms an admirable introduction to the traveller's sketch of *Wentworth House*, the princely residence of Earl Fitzwilliam, which will furnish the reader with a pleasant specimen of the work. "The castle," says Viscount Walsh, "has a façade of six hundred feet; to the right and left of the main building, the line of frontage is extended by two ranges of inferior elevation; beautiful vases, mounted on pedestals, edge the grand approach which leads to the peristyle. This approach is strikingly magnificent; and the visitor's admiration is no way diminished as he enters beneath this peristyle into a vestibule, sixty feet in length, thirty in height, and beholds a range of eighteen columns of Siena marble, supporting a gallery, which is carried round the whole circuit of the hall."

"The Englishman is of opinion, that first impressions are of more importance and more enduring than any others. For this reason they count much upon the effect of their vestibules or halls;—at times there is great promise in these opening scenes, but in general they are of the nature of prefaces overcharged with panegyric. I do not include Lord Fitzwilliam's residence in this remark, for everything about it is perfect, noble, and full of harmony. The housekeeper preceded, and introduced us to such a succession of magnificent scenes, that I feel at an entire loss to describe them:—antique statues, fine paintings, vases of marble and porphyry, rich damasks, and household equipments replete with comfort and taste: these, at least, have not faded from my remembrance. \* \* \* Our conductress showed us the way to the 'lower regions.' I have frequently spoken to you of the neatness of our English neighbours; but it is at this moment a source of vexation to me, that I have already expressed myself on this subject in the warmest and choicest of terms; I should have kept them in store for the present emergency. You know the proverb, 'There are two things which ought to be kept out of sight'—one of them our Kitchens!—but after surveying the fine kitchens of Wentworth House, and their delicious cleanliness, I have ceased to pin any faith on the proverb. On this spot you may examine and pry into the minutest details; throughout this lower world, everything is neat, white, and spotless—nothing defiled by grease or blood. As we entered the spacious kitchen, we saw enormous masses of roast meat turning round on their manifold spits, before a large and glowing fire, with slow and measured movement: there was something Homeric in all this display; it was as if a whole nation were about to hold a banquet. The housekeeper, observing our astonishment, told me that his Lordship would arrive on Thursday, (three days after our visit,) and they had set about trimming the kitchen at four that morning. 'We have killed an ox,' she said, 'two bullocks, four calves, seven sheep, four dozen of fowls, and as many ducks.'—'Of course, this is store for a long time to come?' I replied.—'By no means,' she gave for answer; 'the same thing happens every ten or twelve days.'

"From this specimen you may infer all the other doings under the noble lord's roof. Yet I should observe that the perfume of trifles did not salute our noses in any one of his kitchens or their appendages. Everything we saw was plain, neat, and quietly conducted: not one single scullion or cook in a cotton nightcap; females, old and young, plied their tasks in sober silence, and without that din and bustle which is the customary concomitant of our own stoves; the regular and monotonous cadence of the spits was the only sound we heard. The means resorted to for keeping up the cleanliness we were admiring, consisted of cast pipes, which distributed cold and hot water throughout the various departments of this gigantic kitchen. The utensils



are washed at a cascade of boiling water; and when once the liquid has been tainted, it is turned aside, and, like the Rhone, disappears below the soil.

"We were much disgusted with a custom which obtains in the common hall, where the livery servants take their meals. The food is served up neither in earthenware nor on pewter: two boards, about two feet and a half long and ten inches broad, are hollowed out at either end; the portion of food allotted to each domestic is placed within the orifices, and they eat two at a time, or in pairs. Near the hollows designed as substitutes for plates, there are two other small holes for pepper and salt; their mugs are likewise of wood. Truly, our St. Domingo slaves themselves would have felt degraded by such treatment as this; but it would appear, that in a land where the distinction of ranks is so rigidly marked out, the liveried class do not mutiny at this usage. In the same hall, where, to say nothing more, the domestics are baited after so homely a fashion, or rather in an adjoining apartment, where the lackeys powder themselves before dinner, our attention was arrested by several portraits of old and faithful servants. Their names, occupations, and the length of their services, are recorded in one corner of the pictures. I much prefer this custom to the use of the *planches creusées*; the one delighted as much as the other shocked me."

What we have quoted must suffice to recommend the reader to a further acquaintance with an individual from whom he may derive both amusement and information.

*The Diamond Magazine.* Nos. I. & II. London, 1831. Hurst, Chance, & Co.

This very neat little periodical certainly deserves its title; it will bind up like an annual, and not be shamed by the association; it will be a graceful ornament to the little library shelves of little people, and "children of a larger growth" may then dip into their volumes with satisfaction and pleasure. There are papers in it that we should not regret to have seen in the *Athenæum*; and we observe that writers, whose works have received public commendation, are content to be contributors. Each number is accompanied by an engraving, and the price of the work is—SIXPENCE!

*A Spark to Illumine, or, the Mirror of Divine Love, &c.* By Thomas Cowland, Chelmsford. Printed for the Author, 1831. Sold by Longman.

This is rather a canting title; there is, however, no cant in the volume. Its author appears to be a very amiable man, and he, undoubtedly, is a sensible one. His object has been to establish the doctrine of "universal restoration," or the final salvation of all men.

*The Secretary's Assistant, exhibiting the most correct modes of superscription, commencement, and conclusion of Letters, to persons of every degree of rank, &c.* By the author of the Peerage and Baronetage Charts. London, 1831. Whittaker & Co.

A work like this only pretends to be useful; and the demand for a fifth edition is a proof that the compiler has not erred in his judgment, that a Secretary's Assistant was wanted by the public. We wish we could get a Secretary at the same price.

*The State of New South Wales in 1830, in a Letter.* By R. S. Hall, Proprietor and Editor of the 'Sidney Monitor.' London, 1831. Cross.

A little eightpenny pamphlet, from which much information is to be gathered; although Mr. Hall's judgment is evidently warped by strong prejudices against the present governor. If we are wrong in this opinion, then no man in his senses would emigrate to New South Wales.

*The Pulpit, Vol. XVI.* London, 1831. Harding. This is a temperate and well-conducted miscellany; the few articles which it contains, besides sermons, are agreeably written, and speak well for the kindly feelings of their authors. We could however wish that 'The Pulpit' were less the organ of a party: its pages should be open to the sermons of all regularly-ordained preachers, indiscriminately, where they are men of decided talent and character.

*A Memoir of Sebastian Cabot, with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery.*

[Second Notice.]

How wretched must be the situation of the man, who offers himself to public notice as an author, without possessing equanimity enough to bear with a divided opinion on his merits!—who is so sensitive on the score of his intellectual superiority, and so vain withal, that he cannot ascribe the censure of a critic to any motive save personal hostility!—who suspects, in short, that all who approach him without incense, must be assassins, and have daggers beneath their cloaks! For our review of this work, the author has thought fit to accuse us (in an advertisement in the *Times* of Wednesday, the 6th) of malevolence and injustice. The unhappy man writes as follows:—"In the *Athenæum* of the 2nd instant is found a notice of the work, which veils a settled purpose of disparagement under just so much seeming candour as not grossly to betray its design to the casual reader." In the Review in question, our judgment is summed up in the following terms:—"WE MUST AGAIN DECLARE THAT WE FEEL DISPOSED TO GIVE UNQUALIFIED PRAISE TO THE INDUSTRY, RESEARCH, AND ACUTENESS, WHICH CHARACTERIZE THIS VOLUME." This certainly is not damning with faint praise: the man must surely be afflicted with more than common self-conceit and irritability, who feels disparaged by such clear and explicit terms of approbation, or can imagine that they veil any malevolent purpose. But our censure was as distinct and open as our praise:—"We lament (continues the Review) the zeal of criticism which has so often hurried the author into sourness, sophistry, and contradiction." This is not the language of latent malice; it is not vituperative; and if it be severer than befits our craft as literary censors, we can plead, in apology, that our spirits may perhaps have been infected with the acerbity of the pages through which we had just toiled. But as to the justice of our remark, we appeal confidently to all who have read the vindictive, self-laudatory advertisement in the *Times*, whether they should not suspect the author of it to be a man of a peculiarly sour and irritable temper, and much given to wrangling. That a volume written in the same strain as the advertisement, would be liable to the charge of sourness, sophistry, and contradiction, will be manifest enough before we conclude.

But as we have taken up our pen in this instance, merely to clear ourselves from the imputation of committing an act "of flagrant injustice effected by means as unworthy as the purpose," we shall hasten at once to meet our adversary, on the points which he has selected for his vindication. We are told that, "after gratifying our spleen, we have ventured on a specific charge, which admits of a specific answer." The passage of the *Athenæum* here alluded to, is as follows:—"Thus he [the author of the Memoir] says, in a recent volume (Lardner's *Cyclopædia, History of Maritime and Inland Discovery*, vol. ii. p. 35), the assertion is made that Hojeda met with English navigators near the Gulph of Maracaibo, and a sufficient authority is supposed to be found for it in the language of Navarrete. He then endeavours to prove that the author of the History mis-translated the Spanish, which does not warrant

such a conclusion. Yet he himself, in another place (p. 92) thus translates the contested passage: 'What is certain is, that Hojeda, in his first voyage, found certain Englishmen in the neighbourhood of Coquibacoa [the western portion of the gulph of Maracaibo], and he resolutely assumes that Cabot was the leader of those Englishmen; nor is this the only instance which the volume affords of captiousness and inconsistency.'

"Here then," says the advertisement, in a style indicative of feelings which we sincerely commiserate, "here then is something tangible. The author of the Memoir is arraigned before the public by the *Athenæum* on a grave charge, selected for its peculiar enormity (!) &c. Now what are the facts?" We shall soon see.

On opening the volume of Lardner's 'Cyclopædia' as above referred to, we find it asserted that "Hojeda, in his first voyage of discovery, (1499), met with English navigators near the gulph of Maracaibo"; and, as authority for this assertion, the author refers, in a foot note, to 'Navarrete,' tom. iii. p. 41. Again, on examining the cited page of the Spanish writer, we find the following sentence: "Lo cierto es que Hojeda en su primer viaje halló á ciertos ingleses por las inmediaciones de Coquibacoa." This sentence, which the writer in Lardner's *Cyclopædia* relies on, when he asserts that "Hojeda met with certain Englishmen," &c. is the identical sentence which the author of the memoir (p. 92) translates, "What is certain is, that Hojeda found certain Englishmen," &c. So far, we have made no mistake; but we are accused of manufacturing an inconsistency by misquotation. "In the Memoir the passage runs thus: 'and a sufficient authority is supposed to be found for it in the language of the document already quoted.' The last words here marked in italics, are struck out of the passage as quoted by the *Athenæum*; and there is substituted for them the name of the writer (Navarrete), whose assertion is, throughout, placed in anxious contrast with the document." We submit to the correction, and humbly confess that in this instance we inadvertently indulged our love of brevity; had we been actuated by malicious feelings, we should have been more sharp-sighted. But Nemesis is ever on the watch, and the author of the Memoir, who pounces on us here in such a fury, unluckily reveals to our eyes the full extent of his own blunder; for it happens that the authority for the assertion respecting Hojeda in Lardner's *Cyclopædia* is NOT supposed to be found in the language of the document alluded to, and which occurs at page 86 of Navarrete (tom. iii.), but is found in page 41 of the Spanish writer.—"Nor is this all," continues our angry critic: "the next passage which the *Athenæum* quotes from the memoir, happens to be, not a translation of 'the contested passage,' but is expressly declared to be a translation of Navarrete's assertion." Now, what we called "the contested passage," viz. that Hojeda met with certain Englishmen, is, as appears from the foot note in Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, neither more nor less than Navarrete's assertion. "The author (as he complains), whilst exhibiting a rash inference from a document, is declared to be exhibiting the language of the document itself." We were never guilty of such sad confusion; but we said that a writer who makes use of Navarrete's inference himself, very inconsistently refuses the same liberty to another.

But to return to the advertisement:—"It is perhaps the very highest compliment to a work so extensive as the present, that a critic whose evil purpose is manifest, found himself obliged, in order to manufacture an 'inconsistency,' first to make a false quotation, striking out the critical words, and deceptively introducing (!) others." Let the reader, judge with whom lies the imputation of an evil purpose—with us, who made a

harmless abbreviation, or with the critic whose sentence when amended, the critical words being replaced, is manifestly untrue—who, in order to manufacture an error in another's work, first makes a false assertion, and "represents, as a translation from a document, words he himself believes to be irreconcilable with that document."

We have now, we think, made good our "grave charge, selected for its peculiar enormity," and have no inclination to discuss the value of a certain document above referred to; or how it ought to be translated, or whether a coast, the extent of which is unknown, but of which the explored part is supposed to conduct towards the place where the English are making discoveries, can be called, in a wider sense, the coast on which the English are making discoveries; or whether, as the author of the Memoir thinks, the two assertions are quite irreconcilable;—nor shall we attempt to shield Don Navarrete from the charge of misunderstanding the document before him, and of drawing a false inference, (viz. that Hojeda met with Englishmen, &c.); but we must beg leave to state, that the author of the Memoir has himself adopted the inference in question when it served his purpose. On this point, however, let us hear what he says in his advertisement:—

"An assertion is found in the recent volumes of Navarrete, that the Spanish mariner, Hojeda, found in the year 1499, a party of Englishmen at Maracaibo; and as a Bristol MS. countenanced the idea that Sebastian Cabot had sailed on a voyage of discovery in that year, the two circumstances were mentioned in connexion, and the obvious inference suggested, that if such an expedition had really been encountered by Hojeda, it must have been under the conduct of Cabot. But the author could not forbear to add, that Navarrete seemed totally to mistake the meaning of the document from which he was supposed to infer the fact of such a meeting."

Now, kind reader, will you believe, that our ingenuous and even-tempered author has stated the fact of the meeting, not once hypothetically, but always positively, in the course of the Memoir; and that throughout his narrative he has forborne to hint any doubts respecting the reasonings of Navarrete, whom, however, he attacks in his Appendix, in language which it will be edifying to study? Thus, we read in the Memoir, "When we remember that Cabot, the year before, was stopped by the failure of provisions while proceeding southward, he might naturally be expected to resume his progress along the coast on the first occasion, and he would thus be conducted to the spot where Hojeda found him," (p. 92). And again: "Amerigo Vespucci accompanied Hojeda; and it is now agreed that this was the first occasion on which he crossed the Atlantic. Sebastian Cabot was found prosecuting his third voyage from England. Yet while the name of the one," &c. (p. 96). And again: "It is impossible not to be struck by the reflection which this passage [respecting Cabot's residence in the La Plata,] suggests as to what may be almost termed the ubiquity of this adventurous seaman in the New World. While England has rested her claims at one extremity of it, and Spain at the other, on the personal agency of the same native of Bristol, we have an assurance that he was found at the intermediate point, with a party of Englishmen, on the first arrival of the individual whose name now overspreads the whole," (p. 165).

So far no doubts are expressed; but in his Appendix, our author, who is one of those 'word-pickers that live on syllables,' cannot refrain from attacking Navarrete. "What a melancholy proof," he says, "have we of the dangers to which truth is subject, when a writer like Navarrete, who was to clear up all difficulties, is rashly found starting new errors, to run their course through successive volumes," (p. 310).

Such is the censure (founded on a supposition) which he inflicts on a respectable writer. But how does he deal with himself, who followed Navarrete? Having combatted the assertion that Hojeda met with Englishmen in his first voyage, he proceeds, "It must be acknowledged, that the remarks now submitted, rather take from the force of what appears in the text a plausible case," (ibid.). Ought he not to have said, that they take from it all positive foundation? But this is what might be expected from one who descants on "the paramount claims of truth," in an appendix that contradicts his text, and which is irreconcilable with his advertisement. But mark again how, in the spirit of one who can bear no brother near the throne, he cavils at the Spanish writer: "Navarrete," he says, "has a long dissertation to prove that the Newfoundland fishery was not pursued at so early a period as has been usually supposed. \* \* \* Now, we have the positive testimony of the English commander (John Rut) to Henry VIII., that on entering St. John's on the 3rd of August, 1527, he found eleven sail of Normans, and one Brittain, and two Portugal barks, and all a fishing," (p. 322). Now, to this we answer, that Navarrete does not attempt to prove any such thing; on the contrary, he tells us (tom. iii. p. 41), that already, in the very beginning of the sixteenth century, Europeans resorted to the banks of Newfoundland; but he afterwards (p. 176) controverts the opinion countenanced by some Spanish writers, that the Basques had discovered Newfoundland long before the time of Columbus; he shows that the Basques did not frequent the fishing banks so early as the Bretons, and that the time of their resorting thither, was about the year 1526. Now, how is this conclusion at all affected by the statement of Rut, who saw on the banks in 1527, no Basques, but "eleven sail of Normans, one Brittain, and two Portugal barks"? Yet our author inveighs against Navarrete for this fancied error, with his usual bitterness. "The worst of Don M. Navarrete is, that with no firm hold of the history of the New World, even as found in the works of his own countrymen, he attaches an importance altogether exaggerated, and sometimes absurd, to the documents over which he is incumbent; and, when he finds a scrap of MS., exhibits it with a sort of triumph, and as quite decisive, when, in a majority of cases, it owes its origin to ignorance or fraud," (p. 322). If this be not sourness and sophistry, we know not what is. But the volume seems to have been written in a fit of passion: the same livid humour flows through the whole; every page bears some accusation of gross ignorance, base fraud, and malevolence;—even the author's remarks on his contemporaries approach sometimes to personality; and Mr. Earrow, who has never been mentioned hitherto but in terms of respect, is sneered at, for "writing with that wary caution which is usually the result of long official training."

We have now done with the author of the Memoir; we have combatted with him fairly, and repelled the charge of having committed "a flagrant act of injustice." We wrote, in the first instance, without malice, and have no desire to retract a particle of the emphatic praise which we then bestowed: although we were, and still are, sceptical with respect to many of our author's conclusions. Nor shall we dwell on the consideration, that many of the perversions of prior writers, which are discoverable in Hacluyt and his copyists, may have originated in the same dogmatic style of emendatory criticism in which our author himself so largely indulges. On the contrary, we repeat, that the author of the Memoir has made a clever though exceedingly crabbed book: and that, if he can be brought to correct his temper, and to hearken more to the suggestions of common sense, he may turn out a useful, and perhaps a successful writer.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—These verses are something in the old style, but not the worse for that: not that I mean to call them good; but I am sure they would not have been better, if dressed up in the newest Montgomery fashion, for which I cannot say I have much love. If they are fitted for your paper, you are welcome to them. I send them to you, because I find only in your paper a love of our old literature, which is almost monstrous in the eyes of modern ladies and gentlemen. My verses are certainly not in the present fashion; but, I must own, though there may not be the same merit in the thoughts, I think the style much better; and this with no credit to myself, but to the merry old writers of more manly times.

Your humble servant,  
EPSILON.

'Tis a dull sight  
To see the year dying,  
When winter winds  
Set the yellow wood sighing:  
Sighing, oh! sighing.  
When such a time cometh,  
I do retire  
Into an old room  
Beside a bright fire:  
Oh, pile a bright fire!  
And there I sit  
Reading old things,  
Of knights and lorn damsels,  
While the wind sings—  
Oh, drearily sings!  
I never look out,  
Nor attend to the blast;  
For all to be seen  
Is the leaves falling fast:  
Falling, falling!  
But close at the hearth,  
Like a cricket, sit I,  
Reading of summer  
And chivalry—  
Gallant chivalry!  
Then with an old friend,  
I talk of our youth—  
How 'twas gladsome, but often  
Foolish, forsooth:  
But gladsome, gladsome!  
Or to get merry  
We sing some old rhyme,  
That made the wood ring again  
In summer time—  
Sweet summer time!  
Then go we to smoking,  
Silent and snug;  
Nought passes between us,  
Save a brown jug—  
Sometimes!  
And sometimes a tear  
Will rise in each eye,  
Seeing the two old friends  
So merrily—  
So merrily!  
And ere to bed  
Go we, go we,  
Down on the ashes  
We kneel on the knee,  
Praying together!

† They are fitted for any paper, and most welcome to us. The writer must not imagine that the delay in their appearance was occasioned by any doubt; but the pressure of temporary matters—and poetry itself is sometimes temporary, and contributors touchy. His verses are not, indeed, in the Montgomery style, or the latest fashion—they are not all glare and glitter, patch and paint, and meretricious ornament—they are deep in feeling, and sweet in harmony; but we must not write commendations even on contributors. We have a suspicion that we could name the writer—if so, we are sure his name would grace our pages as much as his verses.

Thus, then, live I,  
Till 'mid all the gloom,  
By heaven! the bold sun  
Is with me in the room,  
Shining, shining!

Then the clouds part,  
Swallows soaring between;  
The spring is alive,  
And the meadows are green!

I jump up, like mad,  
Break the old pipe in twain,  
And away to the meadows,  
The meadows again!

## MEMOIR OF MR. ROSCOE.

This distinguished individual, of whom it would be difficult to say whether he were more eminent for virtue or for talent, expired on Thursday week last, at his house in Lodge Lane, Liverpool. His health had been declining for some time, and the infirmities of age, though not affecting his mental powers, had long rendered the repose and tranquillity of domestic privacy essential to his safety. Few persons consequently, except the members of his family and his immediate connections, had been allowed of late to enjoy the pleasure of his rich and useful conversation; and he was thus already to many people of the town, on which he had conferred advantages of the most valuable description, as one of the great and good of a former age. But though this declining state of health, and the apprehensions which eighty years naturally inspire, had given warning of his approaching dissolution, the attack which carried him off was sudden; and the letter which acquainted his sons in town with his illness, was followed the next day by one which gave intelligence of his death. The career of Mr. Roscoe began like that of many other celebrated men under circumstances little calculated to encourage ambition; but the difficulties which subvert ordinary minds, seem to be regarded by intellects of a higher order, as only placed in their way to be overcome; and we are disposed to believe that genius stands greatly in need of that moral chastening in its youth, which its buoyancy and pride would prevent its receiving from any other monitor but adversity. The parents of Mr. Roscoe were far from affluent, and, owing to this circumstance, were unable to offer him any other advantages of education but such as could be found in a common school for reading and writing. With a strong consciousness, however, of his own powers of acquiring knowledge, he resolutely resisted the intention of sending him to school at all, as the one chosen for him had so little to recommend it, and he was in consequence left to acquire the rudiments of education as his own natural good sense and ability dictated. The experiment, not dangerous only in such cases as his, succeeded. He read the best writers of his own language with delight and profit. As early as the age of sixteen he wrote verses of considerable merit; and as a still greater proof of the general strength of his mind, he was found qualified at about the same time to enter, as articulated clerk, the office of Mr. Eyes, one of the most respectable solicitors of Liverpool.

The most zealous attention to the studies of his profession, and an equally zealous and honourable endeavour to fulfil the wishes of his employer, characterized the young poet in his new situation, and he acquired golden

opinions from all around him. But, careful as he was in his more necessary occupations, he lost no portion of his admiration for studies of a lighter character; and, urged by the example of a friend to attempt the perusal of the Latin classics, he commenced the translation of Cicero's *De Amicitia*. As it does not appear that he had any aid in this undertaking, but such as he could derive from a grammar and dictionary, and perhaps the occasional suggestions of his friend, the task must have been one of no slight difficulty. But he succeeded in it sufficiently well to encourage him to proceed, and he continued his Latin studies till he had made himself acquainted with all the best authors in that language. His professional avocations were in the meantime attended to with unabated steadiness, and we have heard it said by one well acquainted with his early history, that he did as much of the office-work as all the other clerks together.

The period of his apprenticeship had not been long expired, when he was invited by Mr. Aspinall, a solicitor of extensive practice in Liverpool, to accept a share in his business. The invitation was in many respects advantageous to Mr. Roscoe, and it placed him in a situation in which his talents and industry could not fail of being productive of fortune and eminence. His literary tastes, however, suffered nothing from the increased demand which professional cares now made upon his attention. In the midst of the most active pursuits, he found time to cultivate his early love for poetry and the arts in general, and in December 1773, he delivered an ode before the Society established in Liverpool, for the encouragement of painting and sculpture, and, some time after, several lectures which contained many indications of that elegance of taste for which he was subsequently distinguished.

But to the honour of this excellent man be it spoken, his genius was ever on the watch for opportunities of serving the great cause of humanity, and his voice was heard among the first that were raised against the Slave Trade. On the appearance of a work entitled '*Scriptural Researches into the Licentiousness of the Slave Trade*,' written by a Spanish Jesuit, named Raymond Harris, he undertook the investigation of the subject, and produced a reply, which was published under the title of '*A Scriptural Refutation of a Pamphlet lately published by the Rev. Raymond Harris*.' This work was followed by his well-known poem, '*The Wrongs of Africa*,' of which, the first part appeared in 1787, and the second the following year. The breaking out of the French revolution afforded him another ample and spirit-stirring theme; and both his heart and his imagination caught the fervour with which most men like himself, at that eventful period, were inspired. His admirable ballads, '*Millions be free*,' and '*The Vine-covered Hills*,' were echoed, not only through every part of the United Kingdom, but in France itself, with an enthusiasm which at once raised their author to the zenith of popularity.

These topics, however, of temporary interest, did not prevent him from forming schemes for establishing his literary reputation on a firmer basis; and in 1790, he began his '*Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*,' a work which exhibits a greater variety of excellence than any of a similar kind that had appeared in

our, or perhaps any modern, language. It was published in 1796, and printed in Liverpool, at an office which Mr. Roscoe established, at his own risk, for that purpose. At the head of this establishment he placed Mr. M'Creery, who was recommended to him by early acquaintance and a similarity of taste, and whom we have heard pronounce the name of his venerable friend with the gratitude and affection, which such a name must inspire in every worthy bosom.

The flattering manner in which the '*Life of Lorenzo*' was received by the public, was a reward which the author well merited at its hands. Few works of celebrity have been produced under circumstances of greater difficulty. No large collection of either books or manuscripts was to be found in the neighbourhood, and he had consequently to obtain his materials not only at great expense, but with many interruptions and delays. Add to this, the only time he could, or was willing to devote to the undertaking, were the hours which remained after the business of the day was over, and which might very fairly have been expended in recreation of a lighter kind. The origin of his love for Italian literature is to be ascribed, we believe, to his acquaintance with a gentleman who was ardently attached to the pursuit, and who, during his travels in Italy, had collected several documents and notices, which the historic eye of our author at once saw might be rendered highly useful to enlarged biographies of the Medici. As the most trifling circumstances, in regard to the productions of men of genius, are considered interesting, we may mention that the whole manuscript of the '*Life of Lorenzo*' was written with a single pen!

Mr. Roscoe, soon after the appearance of this work, retired from practice as a solicitor, and entered himself at Gray's Inn, with the intention of becoming a barrister. During his residence in town, he commenced the study of Greek; and, in compliance with the suggestions of numerous admirers of his '*Life of Lorenzo*,' began that of *Leo the Tenth*. This latter work appeared in 1805; and, shortly after its publication, he became a partner in the wealthy and long-established banking-house of Clarke & Sons, of Liverpool. The following year he was chosen member of parliament for that town; and during the short period he occupied a seat in the House of Commons, he appeared as the warm and untiring friend of slave emancipation. At the dissolution, which happened in 1807, Mr. Roscoe's party was not in a condition to secure his return again for the borough; and he declined standing, though urged to do so by a large body of his friends. His retirement, however, from parliament, was not the consequence of any dislike to politics; and he continued, by means of pamphlets, to impress his sentiments on all the most important questions of public interest.

The extensive and prosperous concerns in which he was in the mean time engaged, placed him in a situation of more than ordinary affluence, and his house became the resort of the most distinguished men of the country. Among his visitors were the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, many noblemen eminent for their talents as well as station, and several of the highest literary characters of the age. The names of Rogers, Campbell, Parr, may be placed with those of his most



intimate friends; and the present Lord Chancellor was connected with him by the double tie of personal and political attachment. The munificence with which he supported every project calculated for the public good, and the extent of his private charities, were in perfect harmony with the noble hospitality of his domestic establishment. The Athenæum,† the Botanic Garden, and other literary and scientific institutions, owed their origin or success mainly to his liberality or judgment; and while he thus sought to improve the taste of his fellow-townsmen by these judicious efforts, he formed a collection of books and paintings, which rendered his own library one of the most splendid that a private individual had ever possessed. But while thus engaged in pursuits equally honourable to him as a man of business and a man of letters, the bank received a shock from the particular circumstances of the times, which it was alike impossible for human prudence to foresee or prevent. By that event, Mr. Roscoe, now verging towards the seventieth year of his age, found himself called upon to sustain a heavy trial of his fortitude. We need scarcely say, that it was sustained as wise and good men will ever bear such trials; and those who had loved and admired him before, instead of feeling any call upon their pity at his misfortunes, only loved and admired him more than ever. The magnanimity with which he refused to accept of his library, handsomely restored to him by the claimants on his estate, presented one of the many traits of his character, on which the future biographer will love to expatiate.

Since the above period, Mr. Roscoe lived in contented, and we may add, elegant retirement; his name held in universal veneration, and his infirmities alleviated by the tender assiduities of affectionate children. His faculties remained active to the last; and we may say the same of his generous love of liberty, and his ardent, consistent benevolence. The progress of the Reform question afforded him the highest pleasure, for he felt it as the triumph of opinions he had advocated through life; but his political feelings never perverted the goodness of his nature; and we have been informed by one of his nearest connexions, that while the examination of Prince Polignac and his associates was pending, he wrote to General Lafayette, begging him in the strongest terms, not to let the triumph of French liberty be polluted by the shedding of one drop of blood on the scaffold. The General answered him as one man so great and good might be expected to answer another of similar character on such a subject.

The literary merits of the author of the *Lives of Lorenzo and Leo the Tenth*, have been fully discussed by the public, and by critics of every description. His chief characteristics as a writer, were the taste which enabled him to appreciate the beautiful, under whatever form it can appear; and an amenity of style which has been rarely equalled. Considering, moreover, that he was the first English writer in the class of biography, to which he devoted his talents, he justly merits the claim of originality; and to him, without dispute, belongs in a great degree the revival in this country of a taste for Italian literature and art. Of his cha-

acter as a man, we could hardly say too much—his virtues were so in harmony with the unstudied dispositions of his heart, that we must believe them to have been born there; they were at the same time so consistent with sound principle and reason, that they may be regarded as the fruit of religion and philosophy.

The works which this admirable man has left in manuscript, would form, we understand, several volumes; and we look forward to their appearance, with a lengthened biography by one of his talented sons, with pleasure and interest.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

July 5.—A paper, by the author of the 'Domestic Gardener's Manual,' was read, 'On the importance of the leaves of herbaceous plants,' especially at the period of transplantation: the principal tendency of which was, to deprecate the practice, usually adopted at that time, of curtailing them of those organs; and to support the opinion, that all plants, without exception, (but, particularly those of the *brassica* tribe,) and strawberries of every variety, should be permitted to retain, not only all their healthy and fully-developed leaves, but every one which can conveniently be kept above ground, as being essential to their speedy rooting and rapid growth.

A collection of double dahlias was exhibited by Mr. Thomas Ingram from Frogmore Gardens; a hybrid calceolaria from Miss Martineau; seedling strawberries, of a very high quality both in appearance and flavour, from Mr. Joseph Myatt, of Manor Farm, Deptford; and strawberries, cherries, raspberries, gooseberries and currants, with a large collection of flowers, from the Society's garden.

Robert Medcalf, Esq., Charles Heath, Esq., D. E. Colombine, Esq., J. A. Houlton, Esq., and Edward Strutt, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THIS flourishing establishment held a monthly meeting, on the 7th instant—Lord Stanley, President of the Society, in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting having been read and confirmed, the report for the month of June stated, among other details, that the visitors to the Museum during the month were 1371, and the receipts 437. 17s.; the visitors to the Garden 42,220, and the money taken 1887. 6s. Forty-three members were elected, and certificates read in favour of seventy-four candidates for admission on the first Thursday in August, among whom was the Raja Ram Mohun Roy. The code of bye-laws which had received the most attentive consideration of several professional members of the Society, were balloted for and agreed to unanimously; and, after some other routine business, the meeting adjourned.

The donations were more than usually numerous, and of great zoological interest and value.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.  
Saturday, Royal Asiatic Society.... Two P.M.

## FINE ARTS

*A Series of Views illustrative of Pugin's Examples of Gothic Architecture.* Sketched from Nature and drawn on stone by Jos. Nash, pupil to Augustus Pugin; with Letter-press Descriptions by Wm. H. Leeds. Pugin.

PROFICIENCY in architecture is only to be attained by courses of study in two distinct schools; in one whereof, attention shall be given to ge-

neralities—in the other to details:—the remark, it is obvious, is applicable more or less directly to all the arts, but is especially so to that which now forms the subject of reflection. In the first-mentioned of our supposed schools, the mode of study must be the observation of general form and effect: such observation to be made either from Nature—as the title given above expresses it, with somewhat questionable propriety, perhaps, seeing that the objects on which it is exercised are the productions of art; or, in other words, abroad in the world, before actual existing models—and this is by far the more satisfactory and efficacious course; or in the closet, by means of the best representations of such models—a far inferior method of study, and only to be resorted to where opportunities for the contemplation of the original cannot be had. The object of the lessons received in this school, and their result, if due profit be drawn from them, or, which amounts to the same thing, if a suitable capacity and ordinary share of diligence be employed upon them, will be, to catch the character of such great works as by their real, indisputable beauty—a beauty which appeals to a sense by nature inherent in the generality of mankind, and therefore independent of fashion or caprice—extort universal homage; to imbibe a portion at least of the spirit by which master-minds are inspired in the conception of monuments destined to serve as models to succeeding ages. The faculty, which, of all others in this our highest school, will stand the student most in need, is a quick, true perception of the beautiful, or, as it is often simply, and not inappropriately, termed, in reference to works of art—feeling.

Our second school finds exercise for a more plodding temper of mind: it requires devotion to the patient examination of most minute particulars. From this investigation is derived a knowledge of the anatomy of the art—of the framework of those combinations, by which the fine results which form the objects of admiration, emulation, and study, in the school of general observation, are produced. In this school the pupil works by the eye; or if the pencil be had recourse to, it is less with a view to obtain instruction, than to fix and prolong his attention at the time, or assist his memory in future; in the other, the rod, the rule, the square, are the instruments by which he acquires his information. According to the progress made by him in the former, will he be more or less likely to conceive works worthy in their turn to be ranked as monuments, and models of art; according to his success in the latter, will he possess the power of preserving in detail that harmony, without which, works most admirable in their general conception must fail to produce their expected effect when they come to be executed. In the one school, in short, the student acquires the ability of putting the attainments he has made in the other, to their proper account in practice.

Reflections such as those which have prompted these remarks seem to have actuated Mr. Pugin in projecting the series of works on Gothic Architecture, with which he has enriched the collections both of professors and amateurs. The science of Gothic architecture has, it is true, been the principal object of his researches, and of his illustration, and forms the subject of the greater part, and of the most elaborate of his works; and of those to which he has given his own most especial attention: but he has felt the utility, not to say the necessity, of conveying to the possessors of his more erudite productions, some idea of the general aspect of the buildings, regarded in their entire form, to the details of which he has devoted so much pains; and hence his *Illustrative Views of Examples of Gothic Architecture*, executed under his own direction and superintendence, by one of the most accomplished

† Literary Institution in Liverpool.

of his pupils, a young artist of much talent, and greater promise.

The collection of views in the present work is excellently adapted for effecting the purpose of Mr. Pugin, as stated above. They contain perspective representations of some of the most interesting specimens of national architecture existing. The contents of the first number we particularized and commended on a former occasion. The letter-press descriptions are supplied by Mr. Leeds; and we shall quote his remarks on Wolterton Manor House to give the reader an idea of the judgment and critical discrimination displayed in them.

"It would not be easy to point out a finer specimen of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century than this beautiful manorial residence, or one more worthy of, or better adapted to, modern imitation. There are many more extensive mansions extant of the same period, and some of them display single features of extraordinary merit; yet there is hardly one that combines, in a similar degree, so many beauties—such variety with so much coherence of design—such diversified outline, and such a profusion of elaborate and exquisitely-finished ornament. It has nothing of the character either of ecclesiastical architecture, or of the baronial castle, nor does it aspire to the stateliness of palatial magnificence; but it is marked throughout by an air of refined elegance, comfort, and cheerfulness;—the latter part of our observation, alas! does not apply to the structure in its present dilapidated, dismantled state. What constituted, as much as any other quality, the leading excellence of this piece of architecture, was its highly picturesque character, produced by its numerous enriched pinnacles, and clusters, and ranges of enriched chimney-shafts—which last-mentioned features are, in modern buildings, so far from contributing, as they do here, to the perfection of the *ensemble*, that they are, in general, positive blemishes. The various masses are finely grouped, and skilfully contrasted, while the detail is as varied and rich as it is exquisitely finished; so that this structure is equally calculated to charm, whether viewed at a distance or more closely. There is, indeed, one picturesque feature belonging to the domestic architecture of the same period, which we do not meet with here—we mean gables, which, whatever be their proportions, impart such a pleasing diversity to this style; neither, however, do we feel their absence, or think that they would have been an improvement." This Manor House, Mr. Leeds further informs us, was erected by Sir Henry Fermor, in the reign of Henry VII.

We regret our inability to transmit to our readers one of the plates which represent this beautiful monument. It would illustrate the justice of the remarks we have extracted, and could not fail to excite their sympathy in the regret we feel that a structure so interesting should be allowed to fall into a state of almost total dilapidation, "the only habitable part being occupied as a farm-house."

In the figures and groups with which the fancy of Mr. Nash has peopled his views, he seems to emulate our writers of historical romance, and in so doing, he has displayed much ingenuity and playfulness of imagination; yet we doubt whether this be a feature in the work for which he can anticipate universal approbation: it is open to this objection, at least—that scenes of olden time, contemporaneous with an edifice in its days of freshness, are not in keeping with the time-worn condition and state of ruin in most of the buildings. In the restorations indeed, similar representations are not open to this objection, but they are liable to the reproach of distracting the mind too much from the main object of the views, which is, to call attention to the beauties of an ancient building,

and not to the antique costume and manners with which the imagination of a young artist, rather than any knowledge drawn from research, except in the pages of modern novelists, may invest his groups.

After what we have said, we need hardly add a recommendation of the work to all who are interested in the subject.

#### Hogarth Moralized. Nos. II. & III. Major.

IN our first notice we spoke of this work in the warmest terms of commendation, and it proceeds with a spirit worthy the publisher, and equal to the promise of the first number. To give extensive circulation to the works of Hogarth is to confer good upon mankind; his wit and inimitable humour are sources of innocent and lasting amusement, and the sound and excellent morality of all his works cannot fail to have a beneficial influence. The present numbers contain no less than thirty engravings, besides wood-cuts; some of them of great excellence as works of art, and all admirable for accuracy and spirit.

#### The Biblical Series of the Family Cabinet Atlas. No. I. Bull.

THIS useful and necessary companion to the 'Family Cabinet Atlas' is to be completed in six monthly parts. The careful execution of the original work throughout, and the very deserved commendation it received, make it unnecessary for us to do more than announce this as every way equal.

The Magnificent Glass Enamelled Vase, announced two months ago in the *Athenæum*, as manufactured by Messrs. Gunby and Co., is now publicly exhibiting at the Bazaar in Oxford Street. We can convey no notion to our readers of the richness and splendour of this extraordinary work—it rivals in lustre the dreams of eastern poets—it looks like enamelled gold thick-studded with jewels. It is valued, we hear, at ten thousand pounds. Its height is fourteen feet, it is thirty-six in circumference—and capable of holding 900 gallons.

*Fine Arts Chat.*—Mr. Finden's engraving from Wilkie's picture, for which the publication of the 'National Gallery' has been so long delayed, is almost completed. A proof was exhibited at the annual Richmond Fete of the Associated Engravers. It is an admirable engraving; although we do not think the picture one of Wilkie's most successful efforts.

The first number of the 'Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours' is now nearly ready. Lord Northwick, the liberal patron of modern art, has lent a drawing of Mr. Cristall's 'Scotch Peasant Girls,' for the purposes of this undertaking: it is esteemed one of this artist's best works. The drawing by Mr. Evans, in the collection of the late King, has not yet been discovered, although his Majesty was most graciously pleased to permit the loan of it, and the most diligent search has been instituted.

The Landscape Annuals (Stanfield's, and Harding's) are in a state of considerable forwardness—and, if we were to give credence to the enthusiastic feelings of the respective proprietors, are to surpass everything hitherto produced in this line. We have seen all the drawings, and some of the plates of both; but we deem it right to give no other opinion, at this early hour, than that they promise well. A third Landscape Annual, the property, we hear, of Mr. Roberts, from drawings by our old friend Prout, is quietly proceeding; it is to be on a more moderate scale than its rivals, and of course of a more moderate price.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday last Madame Pasta again appeared on the boards of this theatre in her favourite character of *Desdemona*. The classic purity of taste, the warmth and elevated feeling of this inimitable actress, certainly leave her without a rival in the musical drama. Her conception of this character—so familiar to a British audience—is in the highest degree intellectual; whilst her singing and acting—so beautifully blended as to make the effect of either dependent upon the closeness of their union—are the perfection of art. Since her last appearance in this country, she seems to have acquired that almost imperceptible shade of perfection imparted to the gem by the polish of use. Every scene was exquisitely given; the 'Assisa a piè d'un salice' was sung with the truest pathos and sweetness: and the heart-rending 'Sono innocente,' in the last scene, was electrical.

The character of *Otello* is really of too lofty a cast for Curioni, who is, nevertheless, a sweet singer in parts suited to his powers and style of acting. The frantic and fatal rage of the high-souled African, writhing under the torture of jealousy, evinces a certain greatness of mind even in its very excesses; but Curioni degrades it to the common-place vengeance of an Italian bravo. From his inability to give due effect to many passages requiring power, force and elevation, his voice actually degenerates into a scream, whilst his gesticulations to supply the deficiency, seem constantly to remind his auditors that "du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas."

Rodrigo was well personated by Rubini, who sings with much taste. His transitions from *forte* to *pianissimo* are, however, too abrupt, and a few intermediate gradations would improve his style, rendered somewhat mannered by this defect.

With the '*Otello*' was coupled the ballet of 'Kenilworth.' *Pour l'amour des convenances*, it would not be amiss to inform the scene-painter that ships do not usually lie at anchor with their topsails set.

In our notice of the music of 'Kenilworth,' we were sparing of our criticism, having understood that Signor Costa had been called upon to compose it at a very short notice. We were therefore willing to afford him an opportunity of improving it before we gave a definitive opinion on its merits. We state, with regret, that no improvement has taken place—that the selections are bad, and the composition still worse—that there is a flatness and total want of effect throughout the whole—that the wind instruments are never in their right places, and appear every now and then to run riot, as if they wished to kick the violins out of the orchestra;—in short, if we are to judge of Signor Costa's powers by this specimen, we have no hesitation in saying, that whatever merit he may possess as a conductor and pianoforte player, he certainly does not understand orchestral effect, and that his talents as a composer are far from being of a high order.

### CONCERT—MASTER GEORGE ASPULL.

THIS bud of genius is certainly a prodigy, and, if carefully nurtured until its full bloom, will no doubt prove an honour to the land which has produced it. We have heard a great many musical wonders of a like description, but have never found the same precocity of intellect as in this extraordinary youth, whose mechanical powers, great as they are, constitute the least of his merits. He has both feeling and enthusiasm. He executed Hummel's Concerto in a minor, most exquisitely, although he must have been tortured, as we were, by the first violin being out of tune.

George Aspull's style of composition is full of intention; its harmony, modulations, and imitative passages, extremely good; and when subjected to the force and correction of matured genius, it will no doubt prove of the first order. His improvisation on a *motivo* presented to him in the room, was wonderful, considering his age. He appears to treat the most difficult fugue subjects with extraordinary facility, as if unconscious of the difficulties he overcomes.

We observe, by advertisements in the papers, that at Signor Torri's Concert on Monday, Pasta is to sing a recitative and aria, with violin obligato by Paganini! We think this worth mentioning to our musical friends.

### THEATRICALS

#### FRENCH PLAYS.—ADELPHI.

YESTERDAY week the last performance of the French Company at this house took place. We were purposely too late for the first piece, 'Jean qui rit et Jean qui pleure;' for it is so poor an affair that it is beyond even M. Potier's power to make it entertaining. The second, called 'Ketty,' is a slight but neatly written piece, with a pleasant spice of romantic interest about it—in which the heroine was prettily enacted by Madlle. Irma. We have, however, seen Madlle. Jenny Colon play the part, and our impression of her excellence in it remains undisturbed. 'Ketty' was substituted for 'Les Mauvaises Têtes,' which had been announced,—no public reason was assigned for the change, but we were told on private inquiry that it was "by particular desire" of one person of distinction. We never give names, or we could say who this person was; and we never call names, or we should say something a little uncivil to the managers for taking this liberty with the visitors. It might have been extremely disappointing to some who came expressly to see the piece which had been advertised, and it was positively troublesome to a stout countryman of ours who sat next us. He was in no very good condition to see a French play with effect, for he had forgotten his spectacles and his French. Determined, however, as he said, to know something about the piece before it began, he turned to us, and begged to be favoured with the English of those words—'Les Mauvaises Têtes,' in the play bill. Being a little mischievously inclined, we gave him a literal translation, and told him "the bad heads." Thus fortified, he began to watch the performance, and interrupted us no more, except by occasional mutterings to himself, of which we could distinguish nothing but the words "bad heads." At the conclusion, he again addressed us: 'Well, Sir,' said he, "I'm sure people may well say 'What's in a name?' I don't pretend to know much of French, but there is nothing about bad heads in that piece upon the face of it, and, as to the young lady, she has one of the best heads I ever saw—I'm quite in love with her." After this we had 'Le Centenaire,' which some of our readers will have lately seen at Drury Lane under the title of 'The Legion of Honour.' Mr. Planché who introduced it to the English stage, is something like the bishops—he never consents to a translation unless it be for the better. 'Le Centenaire' seemed dull after 'The Legion of Honour,' but we found our consolation in comparing the acting of Mr. Farren and M. Potier in the same character; and we are happy to say, that Mr. Farren lost next to nothing by the comparison. This, with our estimate of the French artist, is no trifling compliment. Both shine in the part, and if M. Potier's representation have a little of the high French polish on it, Mr. Farren's is at least equal to the very best Day and Martin. The per-

formances concluded with 'Le Bénéficiaire.' In this M. Potier dealt out unmixed satisfaction to his audience. He plays the part of a theatrical prompter, who, on the morning of his benefit, receives excuses from the three principal performers who had promised to act for him. The singer, the tragedian, and the danseuse. He visits each separately, and, by dint of working on their several weak points, either frightens or cajoles them into a renewal of their promises. The three scenes in which he does this, are well imagined, and were acted by him to perfection. We should not omit to praise M. Laporte's performance of a young Englishman, who has come to Paris to learn elocution of the great French tragedian. There is no actor on the French stage who gives so perfect an imitation of English-French as M. Laporte. It is true to the life without being overcharged. In the present instance he positively convulsed a great portion of the audience with laughter at his good-humoured delineation of their own defects. We are happy to learn that we have not yet totally lost M. Potier. He will shortly reappear at the Opera House, in a piece which is getting up there at a very great expense. It has lately attracted almost all Paris, and is expected to do the same with a great portion of London. Should the whole establishment which they had at the Adelphi move with the French company, we recommend the managers to look a little closer after the behaviour of their box-keepers. A large fat man who seemed to be at the head of this department, was a positive nuisance on Friday week. We repeatedly lost half a dozen sentences at a time of what was going on upon the stage, in consequence of the noise occasioned by this person's haggling for fees with those who were anxious to occupy boxes which parties from time to time vacated. We did not distinctly catch his scale of extortions in the earlier part of the evening, but previous to the last piece it was "a crown" for a box, or if this was resisted, "a shilling a-head." These impudent exactions were accompanied by audible explanations of the vacated seats being "his perquisites"—assertions that "Mr. Laporte had nothing to do with his rights," &c. Surely the managers will either abate this annoyance, or, if they sanction such trading, which we very much doubt, at least appoint a private room in which it may be carried on.

We have to apologize to our readers, and to the Haymarket and English Opera House, for omitting notices of these two theatres this week. The omission has been unavoidable, and we trust to make amends next week.

THE following has been extracted from a Clonmel paper, and sent to us in the belief that its publication here may serve the cause of the suffering people in Ireland:—

"I heard the sound of death on the harp."—*Ossian*.

There's a voice of woe on the western gale,  
A mother's moan, and an infant's wail,  
And the deep, half-smothered sighs that tell  
What pang man's firmer bosom swell.  
O, list! for the accent of grief is there—  
The faint cry of want—the deep voice of despair.  
Know ye the land on whose breezes float  
The sad appeal of that plaintive note?  
Hath ever your buoyant footsteps trod  
The emerald green of her lovely sod?  
Hath ever your hearts confessed the wile,  
The magic glow of her greeting smile?  
O! there in the lowliest wretched shed,  
Where misery hides its drooping head,  
That smile your wandering steps would hail—  
And "cead mille faillagh" never fail:  
And poverty offers its scanty all,  
With warmth unknown to a princely hall.  
Alas! for them—dire famine reigns  
Supreme o'er Erin's hills and plains;  
Shivering and pale her children weep  
O'er barren sands and rocky steep,  
To snatch the black and rank sea-weed,  
And bear it home with tottering speed—

'Tis famished nature's last supply,  
And may revive his closing eye.  
O! haste—in vain—that dying moan  
Declares the immortal soul has flown!  
And the gaunt bones that start, to pain  
Our aching hearts, alone remain.  
Now by the love of Him whose grace  
Succoured our sinful dying race,  
Emptied Heaven's treasury, and gave  
Its wealth—himself—to help and save—  
Pity your fainting brother! give  
The pittance that may bid him live!  
England! fair peace extends again  
Her soft wing o'er thy plenteous plain.  
Thy offerings bring, with ready will,  
To him—who bade the storm be still—  
And you, ye race of that Emerald sod!  
Whose hearts beat high for your own sweet Isle,  
O think of the glens ye have often trod!  
Of your own loved home and its witching smile!  
Think on the harp whose tones could waken  
The deep response of your inmost soul!  
Think of Erin's brave sons forsaken,  
The sighs that burst and the tears that roll!  
Think, 'till the woes of our beauteous land  
Have softened thy heart, and opened thy hand—  
And made her perishing children prove  
The warmth of an Irish brother's love!

Roesborough, June 24, 1831.

We rejoice to hear that the Fancy Ball was well attended; and report says, two or three thousand pounds will be available for the subscription. A Masqué Fête will be given next Wednesday for the same laudable object, at the same theatre—the decorations used for the Ball being retained for that purpose.

### MISCELLANEA

*Sir Walter Scott*.—We are sorry to see that some of our cotemporaries persist in maintaining that this most illustrious of all living men is still seriously ailing, and that his powers of body at least are failing. It is well that they limit their remarks to the body, since we have seen a specimen of his mind in an epitaph for the statue of Lord Hopetoun, which is clear and concise, vigorous and characteristic, and worthy of him during the days of the Marmions and Old Mortality: the man himself we have not lately seen it is true, but we have information on which we can fully depend, which states, that Sir Walter moves about, dines, drinks, talks, and laughs, as he was wont to do; and, moreover, enjoys the company of his friends with his usual fine relish. This we most sincerely believe, and all but know of our own knowledge to be true; we therefore hope and trust that our brethren will allow that illustrious man to live in happiness and peace, and not put, as they do, his family and himself to no little expense and trouble in receiving a thousand fresh inquiries respecting every new story from all ranks and from all quarters.

*Bronzes of Siris*.—These celebrated bronzes, sold this week by Mr. Evans of Pall Mall, were discovered in the ruins of a temple situated on the banks of the Siris, in Lucania, in Magna Græcia, where the first battle was fought between Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, and the Romans, in the year 280 B.C. They are universally admitted to be the finest specimen of Greek workmanship ever brought into England; and to have been executed in the most flourishing period of the school of Lysippus. The composition and execution were equally exquisite. There is thought to be little doubt that they formed the breast-plate of the armour of Pyrrhus. One part represents the elder Ajax encountering an Amazon, and the counterpart Ajax Oilæus contending with another Amazonian antagonist; but the artist has admirably contrived to impart to both the characteristic attributes of each. The elder Ajax is represented as exhibiting cool and calm courage, just using sufficient exertion to crush his antagonist; while Ajax Oilæus displays all the fiery impetuosity attributed to him in the Iliad; the muscular exertion is greater, and the drapery seems to be almost in motion. "Pyrrhus," says



Plutarch, "was conspicuous in the battle for the beauty and brilliancy of his highly ornamented and gilt armour." It will be recollected that he gloried in the patronymic appellation of *Æacides*, which of course induced the Grecian artist to select the *Æacidae* as the ornamental devices for his armour. They were purchased by Mr. Pistrucci, the improvisator, for eleven hundred pounds—we presume, on commission, or for sale.

**Reform Medal.**—Already has a medal been forwarded to us commemorative of the Introduction of the Bill. It is intended to afford, at a glance, an answer to the frequently-repeated question, "What is to be expected from the operation of the Reform Bill?" and we have radiating from the word Reform "Representation, Church, Tithes, Laws," &c. encircled by others, alluding to further objects which, it is hoped, may be secured by reform. The obverse is inscribed with the names of His Majesty, Lords Grey, Brougham, Russell, and the People, 1831. We understand it was designed by Mr. H. Coward, of Bath, executed by Mr. Thomason, of Birmingham, and the profits arising from the sale are to be appropriated towards a fund for the erection of some monument to commemorate the glorious event.

The sketches and drawings of the late Royal Academician, Jackson, are to be sold on Friday and Saturday next, by Messrs. Christie and Mason.

**Sebastian Cabot, by Holbein.**—This picture, now exhibiting at the British Institution, is mentioned by Purchas, as having been painted for King Edward. It was purchased not long since by Mr. Biddle, author of the Memoir of Cabot, of a gentleman at Bristol for 500*l.*, and is to be sent to America. It is understood, that there are many descendants of the celebrated navigator settled at Boston, in the United States; and one of them, a lady now in England, is said to bear so strong a resemblance to the picture, that she might be taken for the old man's daughter.

The 'Memoirs of M. Lavallette' are announced for speedy publication in Paris; they are said to be written entirely by himself. This cannot fail of being an extremely interesting piece of autobiography.

The French are attempting to make *every man his own printer*—for they have lately brought out an invention by which *printing* is proposed to be taught concurrently with *writing* in the charity-schools: truly, the "liberty of the press" will know no bounds, thus put in motion: the invention is the work of M. Barbier, who styles it "*typographie d'ambulance*"; he solicits the government to patronize his plan, which has been approved of by the *Académie des Sciences*.

**Paris Horticultural Society.**—The first annual exhibition of this Society took place on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of June, in the Orangery of the Tuileries, and the prizes were adjudged on the 15th. The chief prize was awarded to M. Godefroy for his successful cultivation of Indian corn; the first prize for the flowers was won by M. Loth, for his splendid specimen of a *verbena camellifolia*, the second prize by M. Fion, for his collection of equatorial plants. Other prizes were awarded, of inferior value, to several who were distinguished for their specimens of plants and superior cultivation; and honourable mention was made of various others.

The gradual introduction of institutions in France, similar to our own, cannot but add strength to the union and good understanding between the two nations, so wisely commenced by Louis Philip, who has addressed a letter, void of all ceremony, to our present good William IV., to show his willingness to co-operate for the happiness of the people:—in that letter he anti-

cipates the period when, in concert with enlightened men of all countries, some attempt shall be made to settle the great question, interesting to the governors and the governed—"What is the most suitable organization for combining in one common interest the whole population of all the European states?"

**Antediluvian Remains.**—We are indebted to Dr. Rees Price for the following account of antediluvian remains met with in boring for water at Castle Rising, near Lynn, in Norfolk, a part of the coast on which the sea has been for many years progressively encroaching. At the depth of six hundred feet, several horns were found, supposed to be those of the unicorn; they were straight, about two feet in length, and one inch in circumference, and hollow, the medullary substance being petrified. At six hundred and forty feet numerous oysters were found; the shells were half open. At the depth of six hundred and sixty feet a large oak tree was met with; it was quite black, and its texture extremely hard.

**Pruning Saw.**—There is a suggestion in the *Journal of Agriculture* for an improvement in the pruning saw, that our country friends may think worth consideration. It is to be affixed to a long pole for the removal of high branches, the line of the teeth to be directed a little inwards, to cause them to act on the wood without pressure being necessary, and to cut by a *pulling-stroke* instead of a pushing one. A pushing saw is found inefficient and liable to be broken by the smallest exertion; the improved saw, it is said, may be used by an inexperienced person with great ease.

**Polish Proverb.**—"You may strip a Pole to his shirt—but if you attempt to take his shirt, he will regain all."

The exhibition of bismuth in cases of cholera is said to have performed miracles on the continent.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of | Thermom.  | Barometer. | Winds. | Weather. |
|---------|-----------|------------|--------|----------|
| W. Mon. | Max. Min. | Noon.      |        |          |
| Th. 30  | 66 54     | 29.85      | N.W.   | Rain.    |
| Fr. 1   | 72 52     | 29.85      | N.W.   | Clear.   |
| Sat. 2  | 79 57     | 29.99      | W.     | Drizzle. |
| Sun. 3  | 75 53     | 29.88      | S.W.   | Drizzle. |
| Mon. 4  | 77 57     | 30.00      | S.W.   | Drizzle. |
| Tues. 5 | 74 59     | 30.01      | S.W.   | Drizzle. |
| Wed. 6  | 80 58     | 30.10      | E.     | Drizzle. |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cumulus, Cirrostratus, Cumulostriatus.

Nights and mornings fair, excepting Thursday.

Mean temperature of the week, 67° 25'.

**Astronomical Observations.**

Moon in apogee on Sunday at noon.

— in conj. with Aldebaran on Wed. at 11h. 6m.

Venus's geocen. long. on Wed. 27° 49' in Leo, even star.

Mars's — — 9° 53' in ditto, ditto.

Sun's — — 13° 30' in Cancer, ditto.

Length of day on Wed. 16h. 24m.; decreased, 16m.

No night.

Sun's horary motion on Friday, 2° 23'. Logarithmic number of distance, .007219.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Our answer to T. L. must be brief. Mr. Inglis says, in "Andalusia where *th* is used in place of *s*." Now, no such combination of letters as *th* exists in the Spanish language; he should have said, "*c* or *z* is used in place of *s*." This is the error we meant to point out; and had T. L. chosen to have read three lines further, he must have understood our meaning, and would have found proofs of all he now affects to prove. But so far were we from severely censuring Mr. Inglis's book, that we praised it as much as it becomes a critic to praise any work; and lest the errors pointed out should, in these days of drivelling criticism, neutralize any previous or after commendation, not a single review was published in which we did not praise it, and highly; and we excuse T. L. for troubling us, since it gives us another opportunity of commending and recommending 'Spain in 1830' as one of the best works that has been published on that country.

We have no time to waste in deciphering hieroglyphics.—The Vision' may be very clever, but we cannot read ten lines of it.

The account of the number of Temperance Societies in America, was published in the *Athenæum* of Feb. 26; to that paper we refer R. G.

#### Athenæum Advertisement.

##### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—Lord Dover has just completed a Life of Frederic the Great, King of Prussia. It is expected that this work will appear in the course of the Autumn.

**Just subscribed.**—Funeral Sermons, by Eminent English Divines, Edited by the Rev. J. P. Wood, 12*s.*—Ward's Rectory, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Lanzi's History of Painting, 16*s.*—Roscoe's Digest of the Law of Evidence, 16*s.*—Watkin's Conveyancing, Part 1, by Moody and Coate, Part 2, Coventry, 7*th* edit.—Rustum Khan, or, Fourteen Nights' Entertainment at the Shah Bagh, 1*l.* 10*s.*—Hay's Religio Philosophiæ, new edit. 8*vo.* 4*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. T. W. Lanaster's Hampton Lectures, 12*mo.* 9*s.*—Travels in Africa, 18*mo.* 2*s.*—Rev. T. E. M. Molesworth's Tales, 18*mo.* 2*s.*—The Pious Christian's Daily Prospects for Death, 3*s.*—Danby's Poems, 5*s.*—A Memoir of Sebastian Cabot, 10*s.*

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Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

**NOTICE.—The EXHIBITION of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, GALLERY OF THE ROYAL MUSEUM, CHASING CROSS, PATRON, the KING.—The FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Institution is NOW OPEN daily.**

Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

T. S. TULL, Secretary.

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**THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.**  
No. XXIX., was published on the 30th JUNE, containing the following Articles:—1. The Nibelungen Lied—2. Origin of English Representation—3. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—4. Education of Women—5. Napier's Penitential War—6. Letters from Labouring Emigrants—7. Annals and Antiquities of Rajahm—8. Athens—9. Parliamentary Reform Bill—10. Breckendon's Alps and Italy—11. The Navigation Laws—12. Reunited Architecture of Birds—13. Crotchet Castle—14. Havre—15. Social Life in France and England—16. Military System of Napoleon—17. Taxes on Knowledge—18. Belgium and the Holy Alliance—*Littell's Books, &c.*

No. XXX. will be published on the 30th of September, 1831.

ROBERT HEWARD, 2, Wellington-street, Strand.

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